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SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1959

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**RAA**  
THE LEADER TO 79 COUNTRIES

**Comment  
Of The  
Day**  
**40,000 PLUS!**

**HARDLY** a year passes without some comment or criticism on the growth of the public service. This year's budget debate was no exception. Yet it is hard to cavil when Hong Kong is so obviously expanding in a way which demands a parallel growth in Government. Indeed, the Unofficials themselves made several requests which if effected will push the establishment higher. And it must be admitted that under today's conditions a reduction is virtually impossible.

One Unofficial asked for a branch of the D.G. & I in Kowloon. An excellent request but it will be remarkable if it can be established without adding to Government's payroll. The New Territories are opening up, schools are increasing at a fantastic rate for which Mr. Cressler and the D.P.W. deserve credit. The Chinese officials are expanding and an Unofficial has asked for more clinics. We are hoping the Public Works Department this year spends all the money allotted to it. How then can we expect the public service not to grow?

## Less Incentive

Surely none can accuse Government of extravagance in appointing staff, when its record for the last seven years shows a high degree of resourcefulness. In doubling revenue without any major changes in taxation to meet expenditure. Yet the Colony must realize that this phenomenal condition cannot continue indefinitely. Soon the limit will be reached and existing revenue raising measures will be inadequate to meet expenditure. The size of the public service will then be a more vulnerable target and it would be as well for Government to begin applying the brakes hard now when there is less incentive to economise.

The public service now stands at almost 40,000. Ten years ago there were less than 15,000. The estimated expenditure on salaries in 1958-59 was \$222.7 million, or 34.4 per cent of the total—not as much as in Britain, but surely the staggering growth suggests the need for a critical and careful examination of all staff demands in future. For if we cannot hope to reduce the service, we must be sure of containing its growth.

# Violent Climax Of Months Of Skirmishes "FORBIDDEN CITY" CLASH

## Tibetan Tribesmen Fight Chinese Communists

New Delhi, March 20.

Tibetan tribesmen invaded the sacred Buddhist city of Lhasa today in a violent climax to months of skirmishes with ruling Communist Chinese troops, according to reports reaching here.

The hard-riding tribesmen, who enjoy wide popular support among the people, rode down from the mountains and clashed with the Chinese troops inside the city. Lhasa is the site of the famous Potala Palace of the Dalai Lama, the religious and political heart of Tibet.

Fighting has been going on in and around Lhasa, for the last three days, informed sources here said tonight.

### Consulate

Fighting has also been reported between Tibetans and Chinese near the Indian Consulate General in Lhasa, an Indian External Affairs Ministry spokesman said tonight.

The Chinese officials were reported to be planning strong measures to quell the rebellion. The hardy tribesmen have been fighting with the Chinese forces for the past several months in a series of hit-and-run partisan attacks. Lhasa is about 200 miles northeast of the Indian city of Darjeeling. It has a population of about 550,000 and sits at an altitude of 11,520 feet.

It is known as the "Forbidden City" because of its inaccessibility to foreigners and for centuries has been the seat of Tibetan kings and a focal point of resistance to Chinese rule.

### Forestall

The position of the Dalai Lama is today a difficult one. He has been crying for forbearance in a major clash with the Chinese by appearing to appease the Communists.

But the severe strain which has developed in recent months following last year's bloody clashes between the Communists and the Khambas was reflected by the Dalai Lama's refusal to accept an invitation to visit Peking. The invitation was widely interpreted by foreign observers as an attempt to lure him away while the Chinese proceeded with repressive measures in Tibet against the rebels.

Thus the Dalai appears to have decided to stand by his people in their hour of need to resist Chinese repression with all the influence he possesses. The Communists have been trying to set up in Tibet an "autonomous region" within the sphere of the China Proper.

But they have met the utmost resistance to their aims by the rugged tribesmen who inhabit the bleak mountains surrounding the "Forbidden City."

After the Chinese "liberalized" the country, a clandestine group began circulating pamphlets calling for united opposition to the Communists.

In the past two days, two leading Indian newspapers have criticized the Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, for playing down the Tibetan situation. The Independent Hindustan Standard said, "Our Chinese friends should remember that, let alone the Indian public, even our Prime Minister does not believe in... the moral validity of the principle of non-interference to the point of accepting that Tibetans are entitled to only such freedom as Peking may decree."

### Disappointment

For otherwise, he would no longer be representing India's feeling in this matter.

The Hindustan Times said, "There will be general disappointment at the manner in which Mr. Nehru's speech dealt with the crisis of the Tibetan people during the foreign affairs debate in the House of the People (when he described British Press reports as grossly exaggerated and said it was a clash of wills rather than arms)."

"India has a moral obligation to see that the Chinese respect their promise to recognise Tibetan autonomy. There have been reports, not seriously challenged, of the settling of hundreds of thousands of Chinese colonisers in eastern Tibet."

"This is not an action designed to preserve the special character of Tibet. Nor do the Chinese seem too keen to allow India's age-old interests in Tibet to be expressed in a normal fashion," the paper said.—U.P.I. and Reuter.

## Anglo-U.S. Talks In Progress

Gettysburg, March 20.

President Eisenhower and visiting Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, discussed the German situation as a whole and the Berlin issue during a two-hour conference session at their first meeting at Camp David near here this afternoon.

OTL speakers said that both the American and British sides maintained a firm stand on the question of the Western position in West Berlin.

The general discussion of the problems of Germany and Berlin represented the essential subject-matter of the Anglo-American talks between President Eisenhower and Macmillan, the official British and American spokesmen said.

The talks began immediately after lunch, which was served to the two delegations at Aspen Lodge. The talks began with a report by Macmillan on his recent visits to Moscow, Paris and Bonn.

The official spokesmen declined to give any details on today's talks and refused to say whether the matter of the Soviet notes had been brought up.—France-Press.

Tokyo, March 20.

The Japan Red Cross this evening again asked its North Korean counterpart to send a representative or representative to Geneva for "heart to heart" talks on the question of voluntary return of Korean residents in Japan to North Korea.—China Mail Special.

## Makarios Praises Eoka Fighters

Nicosia, March 20.

Archbishop Makarios praised Eoka's "heroism and sacrifices" today when he addressed about 250 guerrillas who emerged from their mountain hide-outs to drive in triumph into Nicosia.

The guerrillas, including many Eoka leaders hunted by the British security forces during the four-year emergency, drove to a thanksgiving service through packed streets in a long convoy of seven buses and many private cars.

The crowds included Greek Cypriot girls in national costumes who spread flower petals on the road. They roared their welcome as the first bus, draped with a Greek flag and carrying a large sign "Eoka," drove into a large street, Nicosia's former "Murder Mile."

### Service

The crowd yelled "Long live Eoka's women fighters," when they spotted women sitting among the guerrillas.

After the thanksgiving service the guerrillas drove to the archbishop's house where the Archbishop spoke to them for 15 minutes.

He said: "You showed that people prepared to give their lives for freedom are destined to live. Without your heroism and sacrifices, the day of freedom would still be very far off."

After the singing of the Greek National Anthem, the Archbishop shouted "Long live our hero guerrillas," then shook hands with all the Eoka men and women.

In Athens, a Greek learned society, the Athens Academy, will present its gold medal to Lieutenant-General George Grivas, the former Eoka leader, at a special ceremony here on March 24.—Reuter and China Mail Special.



Yul Brynner

## Brynner's Request To The Queen

London, March 20.

Film star Yul Brynner is reported to have sent a stamp to Buckingham Palace in the hope that it will be autographed by Queen Elizabeth.

The ball screen lover is quoted by the News Chronicle as saying: "I have sent an emissary to the Queen to ask for her signature."

### PHILATELIST

The stamp is one of a United Nations series and depicts an English scene.

Brynner, a keen philatelist, specialises in U.N. stamps decorated with the signatures of heads of states.

Among his collection to date are the signatures of General Charles de Gaulle, General Franco and Mr. David Ben Gurion.

Brynner is here to do a provincial tour connected with his new film "The Journey"—China Mail Special.

## Quota On Chinese Chow Shops Next?

From OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, March 20.

British restaurant owners are worried by increasing competition from Chinese restaurants throughout Britain. The Vice-Chairman of the British Hotels and Restaurants Association's Northern Division, Mr. Frederick N. Gamble said: "New Chinese restaurants were opening at the rate of one a week all over Britain."

He said "And I predict greater problems when the bulk of these restaurants are manned entirely by imported Chinese staff."

"A draw to Chinese restaurants is a three-course lunch at 3-6d. This is completely uneconomic by English standards," he added.

"In one instance a cheap five-roomed house is being used to sleep the whole of a Chinese staff."

Chinese restaurants have opened recently in Oldham, Hull, Wigan and Bristol. Others are opening at the booming industrial towns in the West Country, North and Midlands.

British for all classes are being attracted to Chinese restaurants. They like the novelty of new and strange dishes combined with cheap prices.

## STOP PRESS

## Bank Fire

Three men were injured, one of them seriously, in a fire which broke out in the Mercantile Bank early this morning. The injured were taken to Queen Mary Hospital, where one of them was detained. The fire, which was caused by an electrical fault in the transformer room of the building, broke out at 8.50 a.m. but was quickly extinguished by the Fire Brigade before it was able to spread.

## Scuffles At London Political Meeting

London, March 20.

Several persons were slightly injured tonight when violent incidents broke out among 1,000 people attending a meeting called by left-wing Labour Party leaders to protest against the British Government's policy in Nyasaland.

Hecklers from the "League for the defence of the white man" interrupted the speakers, brandished signs, set off fire-crackers and got into fights with ushers and audience members.

Labour Party President, Miss Barbara Castle, and member of Parliament Mr. Fenner Brockway, sharply criticised the measures taken by the Central African Federation Premier, Sir Roy Welensky, and the British Government's attitude in the affair.

### Demonstrators

Brockway said the Nyasaland crisis was the most serious in British colonial history since India's struggle for independence and declared that Welensky's policy was "even more dangerous for the future of Europe than the central Africa than for the immediate fate of Africans."

Demonstrators waved signs reading "Keep Britain White" and "Keep the Rhodesia" but were expelled after a series of confused scuffles in the audience.

The tumult resumed when Kanyama Chiumba, African National Congress representative, recently arrived from Nyasaland, and John Stuchbury, Labour member of Parliament, who was expelled from Northern Rhodesia, stepped to the speaker's stand.

There were cries of "Kill Chiumba," "Traitor," and "Mau Mau" followed by renewed fights between demonstrators and ushers.

Speaking over cries of "Traitor," Stuchbury said the meetings he had attended in Rhodesia were models of order compared to what he had seen tonight.—France-Press.

## Gorilla Ranks Third Behind Man

Columbus, Ohio, March 20.

A REPORT made public today by a group of American psychiatrists on their 26 months long study of the only gorilla born in captivity, corroborated earlier findings that the gorilla ranked third—behind man and the chimpanzee—in the scale of animal intelligence.

The gorilla's mental development stopped at the level of a 10-month-old child. Colo, born in the Columbus Zoo, was observed by psychiatrists from birth. Their report was to be presented tonight at the annual meeting of the Child Development Research Society at the famed Bethesda, Maryland, Hospital.

The gorilla developed while in the crib twice as fast as a new child. At 12 weeks, it was as lively as a 16-week-old baby and was capable of grasping things in its hands.

Colo could sit at the age of 16 weeks, a feat a child achieves at between 28 and 32 weeks. The gorilla's behaviour at the age of 18 weeks was that of a nine to 10 months old child. Colo ceased developing mentally after the age of seven months, at which stage it had reached the "intellectual" development of a 10-month-old child.

Its comparative mental retardation was illustrated in the report by the fact that it did not realise before the age of 48 weeks that a ball it had been given had a hammer.

Colo then played with the hammer, placed it in its mouth, but did not take it between its fingers until the age of 21 months. A child would have done this at the age of nine months.—France-Press.

**S&C**  
Outdoor oil circuit breakers  
ASTA CERTIFIED

**Going on Leave?**  
NOW'S THE TIME TO ORDER  
YOUR NEW 1959 MODEL  
**HILLMAN-MINX**  
SALOON... CONVERTIBLE... STATION WAGON  
**GILMAN MOTORS**

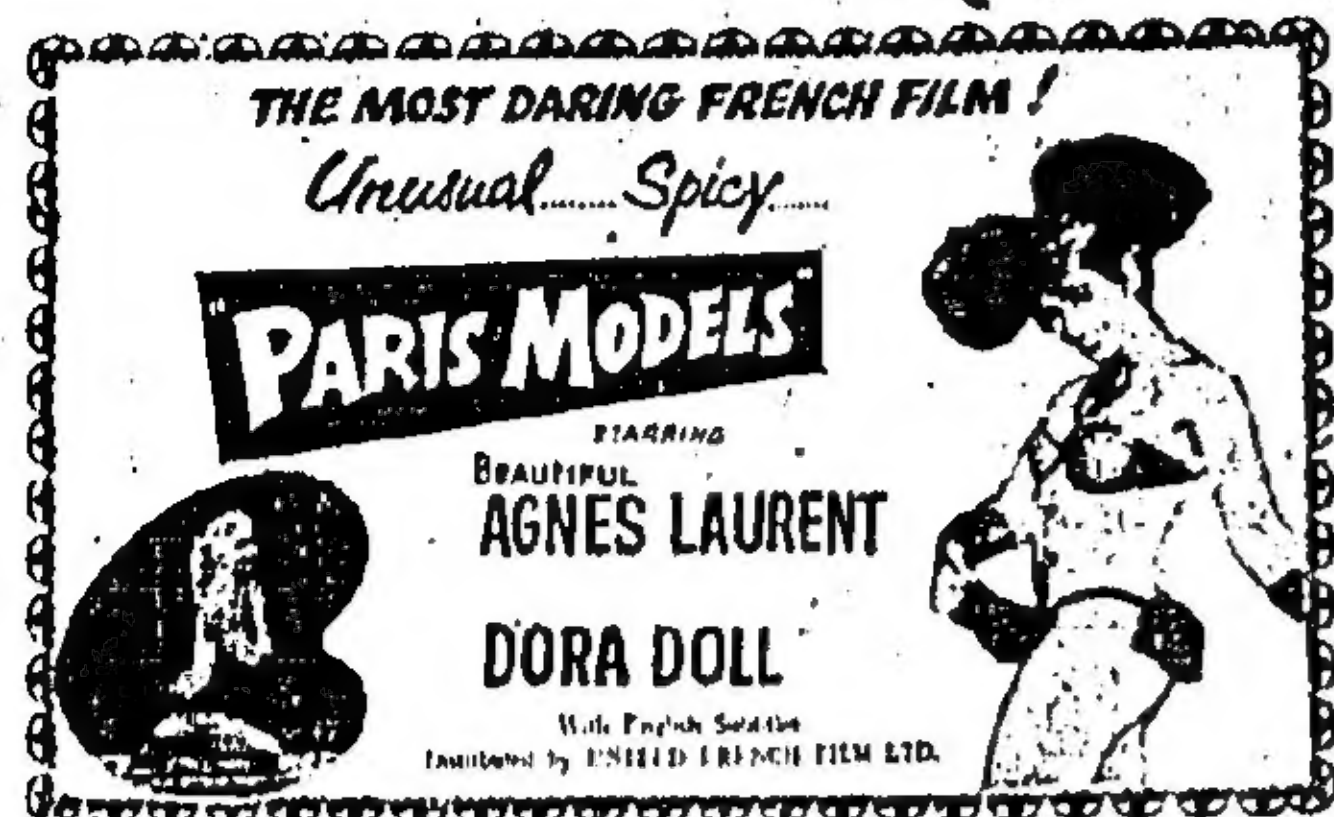
**It's the GIN that counts!**  
**BOORD'S**



# KING'S PRINCESS

## SHOWING TO-DAY

THE HOTTEST HIT IN THE FRENCH FILM INDUSTRY!



WEEK-END MORNING AND MATINEE SHOWS

**KING'S**  
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.  
"20TH CENTURY-FOX  
COLOR CARTOONS"  
At Reduced Prices

To-morrow at 12.15 p.m.  
"PARIS MODEL"  
At Regular Prices

**PRINCESS**  
To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.  
"U-I WOODPECKER  
TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS"

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m.  
"HERCULES" in  
CinemaScope & Color  
At Reduced Prices

# ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



An Emile Natan Production  
A CATHAY ORGANIZATION RELEASE  
BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of  
"MICHELE STROGOFF" At 12.15 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES  
**ROXY:** At 12.00 Noon  
RKO Radio presents  
In CinemaScope & Color  
"THE BRAVE ONE"  
Starring: Michel Ray

**BROADWAY:** At 11.00 a.m.  
BRAND NEW  
WARNER BROTHERS  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
**ROXY:** EASTER HOLIDAYS, MARCH 27, 28, 29 & 30  
SPECIAL PERFORMANCES At 12.00 Noon Daily  
"LOYOLA, THE SOLDIER SAINT"  
At Regular Prices  
Special Prices for Students: Logo \$2.40, Back Stall \$1.50  
PLEASE BOOK EARLY!

# ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

To-day 2.30-5.30-7.30 & 9.30  
An exciting story with a Treason to Steal... A Woman to Win... A Past to Forget!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30  
Gary Cooper in  
"BLOWING WIDE"

SHOWING TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



To-morrow Morning Show  
John Wayne in  
"OPERATION PACIFIC"

# THE LINDEN PLAYERS

Present At  
THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN  
Gloucester Road

"WORM'S EYE VIEW"  
TO-NIGHT  
At 8.30 P.M.

Admission: \$3 & \$2.50  
TICKETS OBTAINABLE AT MOUTRIES  
AND THE POOR

# FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

IN recommending "Stage-Struck," showing at the Lee and Astor, I am the more confident because it contains all the elements that go to making good entertainment.

First it has a good script, the plot is "Morning Glory" which some film-goers will remember from the thirties, the film that placed Katherine Hepburn on the screen.

Second, it has a first rate cast, Henry Fonda; Susan Strasberg; Joan Greenwood; Herbert Marshall; and Christopher Plummer. Third, the direction by Sidney Lumet is both skilled and artistic; and the fourth reason is the magnificent photography and sets.

The story is as old as the stage. The call is the same that not young Will Shakespeare, running London words, the stage, with its gaudy paraphernalia; its artificial glamour; its checkers and boxes; its overnight miracles and tragedies. It is a wild call, a mad call, and there are some who cannot resist it.

Such a one is Susan Strasberg. I, for one, admire the performance she gives in this sensitive role. As the daughter of the director of the Actors' Studio, she has seen many of the kind she portrays in "Stage-Struck," arriving with eyes full of star dust.

Those who are familiar with the script of "Morning Glory" will recall the whole plot pivots on the stage-struck girl, who having been existing on short commons for weeks, is invited to the first night party of the production in which she failed to gain a part.

Under the influence of Champagne, she mounts a staircase, and gives part of the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Myself tried to span the score and more years since I heard La Hepburn do the scene, and my youthful self reckoned Hepburn did it better.

No matter, Susan Strasberg is going to be a force to be reckoned with. She is, first and foremost, an actress, and that is something that our stars of present cinema rarely are.

So, come to this, is Henry Fonda, another who made his way to films via small amateur companies. He used to act opposite Marion Brand's mother in the Omaha Playhouse days.

This film gives him a very sympathetic role as the sensitive theatrical executive, who is not as tough as he wishes to be. Herbert Marshall plays the part he is. A fine actor, Christopher Plummer is the playwright.

I mention these men a concession to one way and another, they are used by the stage-struck Strasberg as stepping stones to success.

cost. But the wonderful thing about the film is, it shows what theatrical people are really like. Impulsive? Generous to a fault? Yes and yes, but with them all it is "Not that I do not love you, but that I love the theatre better." I do not think there is need to say more. The film held me spellbound through its considerable length.

I must mention, however, Joan Greenwood as the Broadway star whose temperamental histrionics let Susan Strasberg right in.

Miss Greenwood from Chelsea, London, is yet one more of a beautifully balanced cast.

Filmed in Technicolor, of vista properties, it is a film I can see over and over again.

Discount from this that I really love the theatre and all that appertains thereto, and it is still a great film. Honestly!

★  
"THE Quiet American,"

showing at the Star and Metropole, is a romantic-cum-political melodrama, taken from Graham Greene's novel of the same name.

Readers of that novel will instantly be aware that considerable liberties have been taken with the plot, but on the whole, Joseph Mankiewicz makes a smooth, incisive, and colourful film of the book.

The film has more words than deeds, but the dialogue, expertly delivered in the case of Michael Redgrave, is intelligent, and together with an authentic background, firmly buttresses an unusual tale.

The picture, which hinges on the struggle between the Government and the subversive forces in Saigon, leads to the discussion of a third force.

This, although provocative, holds up the action somewhat, for popular content, which is never strong about the internal affairs of a foreign country, is interested in the poignant triangular romance concerning War correspondent Michael Redgrave; Eurasian girl, Gloria Moll; and Audie Murphy, quiet sensitive American.

Audie Murphy is not altogether happy as the quiet American, but Michael Redgrave is superb as the hate-obsessed Englishman who loses his mistress to the American. Gloria Moll is very winsome as Phuong, the Eurasian girl, while Claude Dauphin never places a trick as the investigating Vigot of the Surete.

The story has a definite American slant, a concession to the American audiences, but it stimulates and contains profound drama.

I should sum up by saying it is a film that no intelligent film-goer can afford to miss, otherwise he is right out of the reckoning when intelligent films are discussed.

It is an intriguing film from the word go.

★  
So you want to know what "Paris Models" is like. (King's and Princess). I did, as it is an off the schedule film. I entered the stygian gloom of the King's Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, just as the show was about to begin.

Actually "Paris Models" is an excellently made film. The sophisticated music score is just perfect.

The character parts, especially the provincial family are well cast.

The English sub-titles are neat, continuous, small and clear.

I was most surprised to find that a film with a pie-machine title should turn out so first rate.

In the programme is a new come made in old-time fashion. The kind that fills every man with delight and has the women clucking impatiently. In fact, I'd say it is a 100 per cent male programme, so if the ladies object, go on your own.

WHAT interested me most about "Michele Strogoff" (Roxy & Broadway) was to find the obnoxious Curt Jurgens in the title role. In fact I wondered about it so much that I forgot about the film.

It is made in EastmanColor and CinemaScope. It is a French / Italian / Yugoslavian effort. It is dubbed in English, and is the third attempt to put this heavy old Jules Verne classic on the screen. We say, third time lucky. I don't know.

You probably know the story, and on that account the film can be an interesting period piece, because it shows an age that is lost forever.

The story necessitates showing the gaudy apartments of the Czars, garish Tartar encampments; and director Carmine Gallone, master of spectacle, covers now and again to switch on one of his vast vistas of milling crowds and carried ranks of soldiers.

Back of it all, there is a striving for sentiment and novelette romance, with humour correspondents.

Curt Jurgens is top box office at the moment, and he takes over the role of Strogoff, so I should imagine he will pull them in that way. But this is not his best performance by any means.

# NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

**LEE & ASTOR:** "Stage Struck." In which Susan Strasberg plays the starry-eyed stage-struck girl. First known to us as "Morning Glory," this film, has all the old charm of the original plus the advantages of RKO-Scope and Technicolor. Also starring are Henry Fonda, Herbert Marshall, Joan Greenwood, and Christopher Plummer.

**KING'S & PRINCESS:** "Paris Models." Unusually good film, with good story background. Beautifully made and fine music score of light French music. All about a French provincial mouse who hit the decadent Latin Quarter. Agnes Laurent and Dora Doll.

**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "Michele Strogoff." Curt Jurgens in a CinemaScope and EastmanColor version of Jules Verne's last century classic. Huge lush picture of the last days of the Czars.

**HOOPER:** Recalling, "Rage in Heaven," while waiting for the Gale to open up. A "perfect crime" film, written by James Hilton. Robert Montgomery and Ingrid Bergman, with George Sanders.

**STAR & METROPOLE:** "The Quiet American." Graham Greene's novel made into a fine intelligent film, with outstanding performance by Michael Redgrave, Audie Murphy as the quiet American, and Gloria Moll as Eurasian girl.

COMING

**LEE & ASTOR:** "The Naked and the Dead." Exposes the Fuhrer principle existing in such democratic institutions as the U.S. Army, incarnated in the wild-to-power general and the primitive sergeant, Raymond Massey, and Aldo Ray.

**KING'S & PRINCESS:** "Bell, Book, and Candle." A story of modern witchcraft. A real witches brew of champagne and beauty, set in the never-never-land of modern Manhattan. James Stewart; Kim Novak; Hermione Gingold; Elsa Lanchester; and Jack Lemmon.

**ROXY & BROADWAY:** "The Sunnyside." A comedy family in the deep South. Acted and produced with

all the excellence of "Peyton Place." Yul Brynner (with hair) and Joanne Woodward.

**HOOPER & GALT:** "Gig." The greatest musical ever made for the films. Colourful; lively; rich in scene and action. Set in the steel Paris. Boulevardier Maurice Chevalier; Leslie Caron; Louis Jourdan; Hermione Gingold.

**STAR & METROPOLE:** "The Big Country." A new look in Westerns in which Gregory Peck, an Eastern dude, fights and feuds with raised-in-the-saddle Charlton Heston for the love of innocent Carol Baker and dependable Jean Simmons. I rank it top three with "High Noon" and "Shane."

# STATE

To-day at 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.



Sunday Morning Show  
At 12.15 p.m.  
M-G-M presents  
"ROGUE COP"  
Starring: Robert Taylor  
Janet Leigh  
At Reduced Prices

# WATCH !!

Another Hilarious Comedy from the Author of the Riotous "DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE" Series!

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SLIPS-FOR A LAUGH ON THE OCEAN WAVE!

The Best Argentinian presents  
JOHN GREGSON  
PEGGY CUMMINS  
DONALD SINDEN  
NADIA GRAY



COMING TO THE  
LEE & ASTOR

# Lee & Astor

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



STAGE STRUCK  
HENRY FONDA • SUSAN STRASBERG  
GREENWOOD • MARSHALL  
CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER  
TECHNICOLOR  
RKO-SCOPE

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW—AT REDUCED PRICES

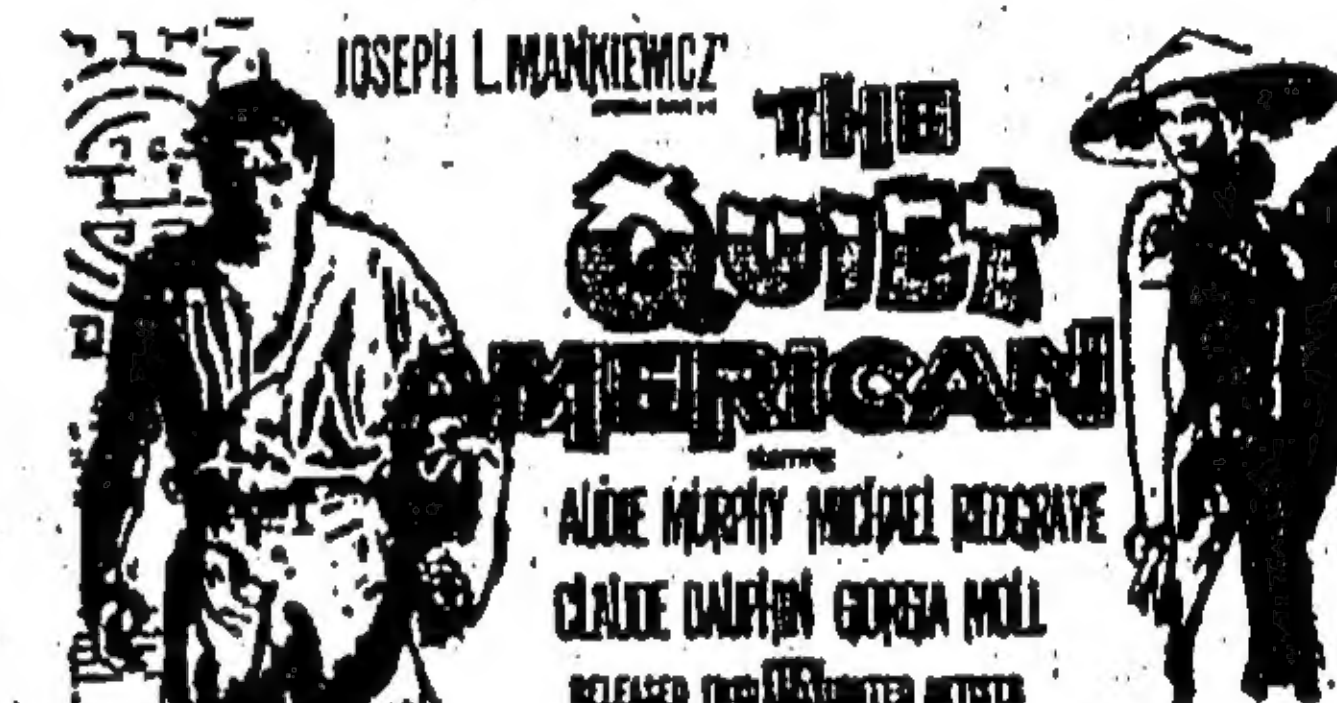
**LEE THEATRE**  
At 11.00 a.m.  
MIGHTY MOUSE  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At 12.30 p.m.  
APRIL IN PARIS

**ASTOR THEATRE**  
At 11.00 a.m.  
M-G-M's  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At 12.30 p.m.  
"A STAR IS BORN"

# STAR METROPOLE

## GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES  
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. || METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.  
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

STAR: At 12.30 p.m.  
M-G-M presents  
"HIGH SOCIETY"  
In MetroScope & Color  
Starring: Bing Crosby  
Grace Kelly

METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.  
In CinemaScope & Color  
"THE CRUSADERS"  
Starring: Rex Harrison  
Virginia Mayo

# STAR METROPOLE

GALA PREMIERE ON WED., 25th MAR.

STAR: At 9.00 p.m. METROPOLE: At 8.30 p.m.

U.S. BIG ATTRACTION!!



SPECIAL ADMISSION:  
\$4.70, \$3.50, \$2.40 & \$1.70  
BOOK EARLY!

# WITZLINE MA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.





HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

# Dream-World Colin Stars At Last

## 'Audition' Offer Lands Him In The Dock

London.  
IN his fantasy dream world 19-year-old Colin Coc lived the parts of film star, pop singer, circus clown, policeman, and a fireman. But most of all, he was an impersonator.

By  
**LOUIS KIRBY**

### MOTHER KNEW SON WAS GOING TO DIE

London.  
A MOTHER'S premonition told her that her son was to die.

She knelt by her bedside and prayed. As she prayed a policeman knocked at the door.

"Your son is dead," he told her. "Killed on the railways." Frank Hargarty, 32, died with two other men, George Perry 29, and Stanley Fry, 35, father of four, when they were hit by the Liverpool Street to Ipswich diesel-electric express as it passed through Manor Park Station at 55 mph.

With five others the men were working on ladders across the centre of the track when the train rounded a bend and ran through them.

#### I PLEADED

Mrs Olive Hargarty, 50, said at her home in Church Elm Lane, Epsom, Surrey, "I had known for five years that this would come."

"I pleaded with him to change his job. He just used to laugh."

"This morning he was an hour late coming home from his night shift. I got out of bed and prayed my fears would be proved wrong. I was still on my knees when the knock came at the door."

"I said to the policeman, 'Frank is dead—my boy has been killed.' I knew it would happen from the first day he took the job."

George Perry, of Meadow Road, Rush Green, Essex, had decided to give up his job just before he went on duty. His brother Stanley said:

"George often laughed about the narrow squeaks he had at work. Now they seem to jump clear of passing trains while working on the overhead cables."

The third victim, Stanley Fry, came from Stapleford Avenue, Woodford Green, Essex.

### Just Fancy That

London.  
IT was really nothing, but it was still more than Basil Sharp expected for having his numbers drawn in the state-run lottery.

A letter from the National Savings Movement informing Sharp he had won was accompanied by a signed blank cheque.

He returned the cheque—D. P. I.

### Mental Influence On Dice

Stockholm.  
A TREATISE called "Experimental confirmation of the psychokinetic effect" and dealing with the influence of mental power on inanimate objects in motion has earned a Swedish engineer, Mr. Hakan Forwald, a \$1,000 reward from Duke University, Durham, USA.

Mr. Forwald, head of the Swedish Asea Company's consulting department for high-tension circuit

breakers, carried out his experiments with dice. In the course of these experiments, which were repeated more than a hundred thousand times, six dice were mechanically ejected on a horizontal surface.

By merely wishing the dice to fall to the right or the left on the surface he found that the dice generally fell towards the side he thought of with an average difference of about two inches in his



Ian with the boys at his L.C.C. primary school.

# H-Bomb "Lakes" For The Inland

Sydney.  
SCIENTISTS in Australia are making an exploratory examination of a project which could change the economic future of this country.

Their startling idea is the use of "clean" H-bombs to gouge huge cavities to hold up to a billion gallons of water.

Such "H-bomb" lakes, some believe, could contain the great floods in the Murray Basin, preventing them from ruining wide areas of country and then running wastefully to sea.

Other massive explosions in the so-called "dead heart," could perhaps conserve the floodwaters which sometimes fill dry river beds.

The water could be stored and pumped over long distances to where it is most needed.

The men making the preliminary examination before putting anything officially before the authorities believe that the terrific heat of the explosion would fuse the

by  
**JACK PERCIVAL**

ground, thereby forming immense waterproof tanks. Problems which the scientists are grappling with are:

★ How to stifle the atomic "dynamite" with a blanket of absorbing chemicals and therefore stop the deadly clouds of radiation at their source.

★ How to control hundreds of thousands of tons of debris flung into the sky.

Because there are large unpopulated areas in the interior it is believed that the latter problem is a comparatively minor one.

#### Controlled

Some local authorities also believe that controlled underground H-bomb explosions could be used to melt out trapped oil far below the surface.

The idea has been planted in scientific circles here by America's decision to blast out millions of tons of rock to create a new harbour.

Site of the proposed H-bomb harbour is Kookaburra Sound, Alaska.

When the earth and rock are gouged out and a channel is cut to the sea with "H-bomb dynamite" it is proposed to spend another \$400 million on the building of harbour installations.

If the plan works out scientists believe that there then



SIR WILLIAM COOK

will be a world-wide demand for atomic "dynamite". Australian scientists said last week that Britain is fully alive to the peacetime use of atomic blasts.

They said that this is one of the reasons why the British scientist, Sir William Cook, who was in charge of the recent atomic explosions on Christmas Island, has been transferred from weapons research to industrial development of H-bomb forces.

Recently a London newspaper said that Britain could well afford "to sacrifice at least one weapon from its atomic stockpile to test the water-storage project in partnership with the Australians to whom it could bring such benefits."

For the Alaskan harbour explosion it is planned to move local inhabitants about 15 miles from a village near the site.

#### Confident

But those in charge of the project are confident that they will be able to move them back to their village within two weeks.

The American scientists are certain that they can blast out a 300-foot deep basin and a channel to the ocean without causing any bad contamination.

Australian scientists interested in the plan believe that H-bomb "dynamite" can be used there to create water storage basins of a size comparable with the cost of Warragamba Dam.

## 'Ere (he said) I've Come About That Film

London.  
NINE-YEAR-OLD Ian McLennahan kicked a stone across his school playground and said: "Me an actor? 'Aven't thought about it." But a film starring Ian, a boy at Stoke Newington, London, primary school, may represent Britain at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

If it doesn't it will have its world premiere in Moscow.

And all Ian could say about it recently was: "Wan't had doing the film. Don't mind if I do another." His mind was really on the stone.

It all began in the middle of last year. Producer Kevin McClory had decided on his new film "The Boy and the Bridge". He had picked the bridge—Tower Bridge. Now he wanted the boy.

He interviewed 3,000. None fitted. Then Ian walked into Mr. McClory's Belgrave home. "Ere," he said, "I've come about that bridge film."

#### A seagull

"I knew at once I had the boy I wanted," said Mr. McClory. "A natural actor."

Ian plays a boy who runs away from home and lives in a turret in Tower Bridge with a seagull as his companion. The 95-minute film is on a short list of three for Britain's entry at Cannes.

It is not chosen 900 film actors and actresses and a host of London's society will be flown in a fleet of TU 104's to Moscow for the film's premiere.

Ian's mother, Mrs Irene McLennahan, said at her Ladbroke Road, Stoke Newington, council home: "Wherever it is we all want to be there."

All includes Ian, his father, who upholsters seats for Comet airliners, brother Keith, 11, and sisters Jean, 12, and Janet, five. Keith, Jean, and Janet appear in the film, too.

## Yo-ho-ho Upset The Pirate Chief

London.  
BLACKBEARD, the bold, bad pirate leader, lunged with his gleaming sword and slashed Robinson Crusoe's thumb.

An accident! "No," said Robinson Crusoe—otherwise singer David Whitfield. "It was all because he couldn't take a joke."

"Yes," said Blackbeard—otherwise actor and singer Osborn Whitaker. "It's childish and ridiculous to think I did it on purpose."

The unheeded incident—which left a quarter-inch cut on Whitfield's right thumb—came during the last show of the pantomime Robinson Crusoe at Birmingham Hippodrome.

#### NO JOKE

David Whitfield said at his Hull home: "For ten weeks I've appeared with a map tattooed on my chest. For a joke I had Blackbeard's face painted on instead."

"During the show Blackbeard had to rip off my face. This time he came face to face with his own face."

"Everyone in the place roared except Blackbeard. I could see he didn't appreciate the joke. In the end, we fought for a while as rehearsed. Then up went his sword and down it came right on my thumb."

Mr. Whitaker said at his home in Croydon: "Why didn't I apologise? Because I was annoyed. Blackbeard's a gorgeous character. But I couldn't go on being—sensitive. The whole scene was ruined. Everyone was laughing at me."

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: To the late top society and theatre photographer Baron, Davina Portman, fashion model and heiress, was "the most beautiful girl in Britain". Later she married London stockbroker Peter West, and officially they're still married. But recently international lawyer Dr Lorenzo Petto (above) claimed: "I intend to marry her before the summer. If a divorce is not possible in the English courts, I shall take her to Mexico, Spain, France, anywhere to get it... I have got divorces for clients all over the world. And I'll get one for Davina too." Inset: Mrs Davina (Portman) West.

★

RIGHT: Actor James Mason arrived in London recently to start making the film "A Touch of Larceny." Said Mason in one of his rare interviews: "I regard myself as a middle-aged actor on his way somewhere. Not to the top, exactly. I don't mean that. I have no set destination. I simply want to keep moving among interesting projects." Picture shows James Mason with his mother.



BELOW: The Pytchley Hunt hold a meet at Braunston, near Rugby. Photograph shows the Pytchley Hunt crossing the canal bridge at Braunston Locks, led by Whip Bertmaiden, with Huntsman Stanley Baker following.



ABOVE: After weeks of being seen together around London, 20-year-old film star Janette and "in his thirties" television comedian and singer Jackie Rae officially announced that they are engaged. On her engagement ring—one large diamond, surrounded by eight small ones.

RIGHT: Princess Margaret finished a gay night out recently by leading a contingent of feminine invaders of the all-male privacy of the famous Travellers' Club, where the club committee were holding a ball in conjunction with the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund organisers. Her first partner was high-society piano-playing suitor of Princess Margretha of Sweden, Robin Douglas-Horne.

★ ★ ★

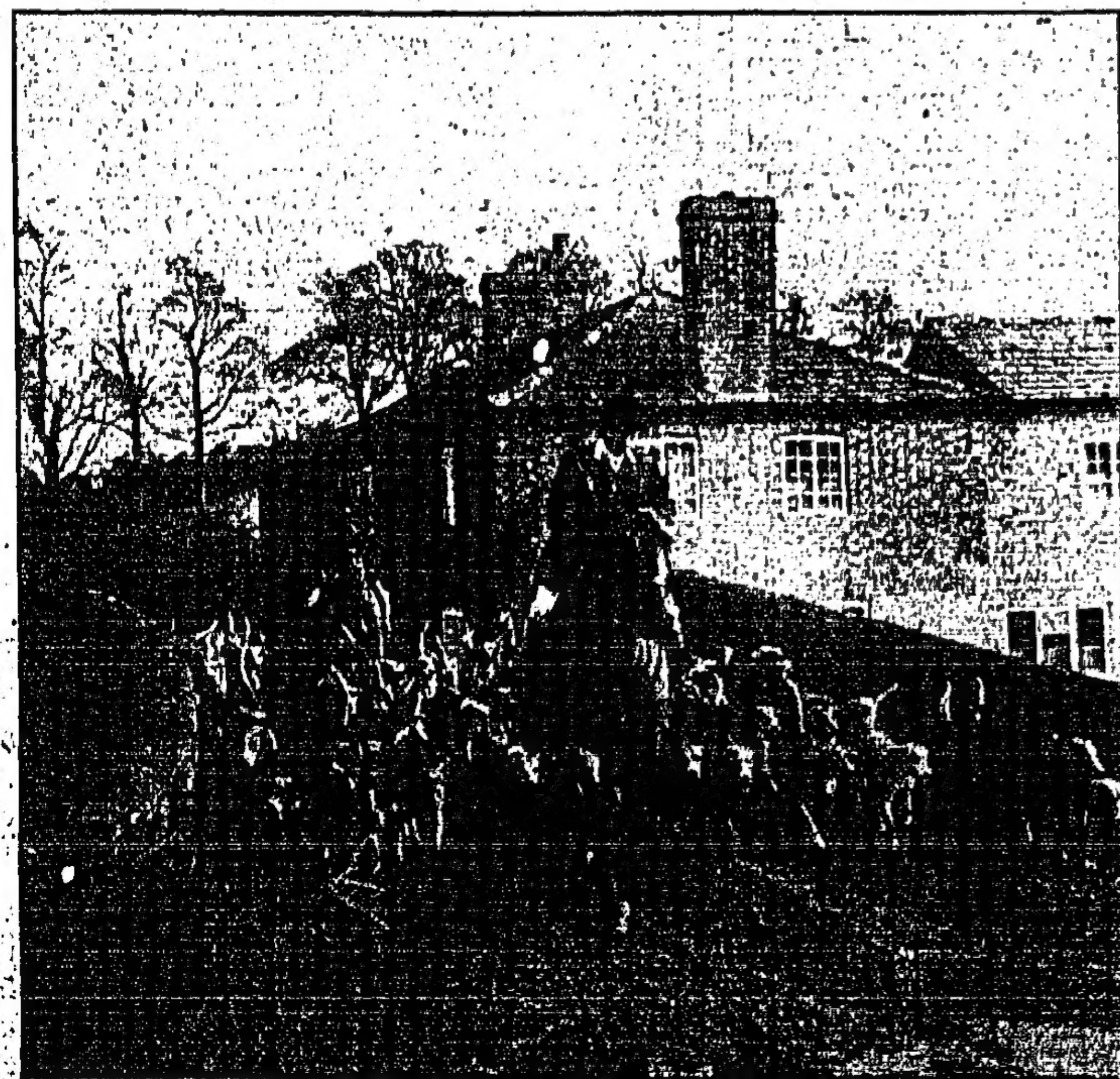
BELOW: Two stars crossed orbits recently in Glasgow when king trumpeter Louis Armstrong and queen singer Connie Francis found that their current British tours included simultaneous Glasgow visits. Oddly enough, until Scottish columnist Marnie Crichton introduced them, they'd never met. Now they have. Said sparkling Connie: "Hello Louis." Said scintillating Louis: "Hiya."



ABOVE: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret talking to models after a recent fashion show in London.

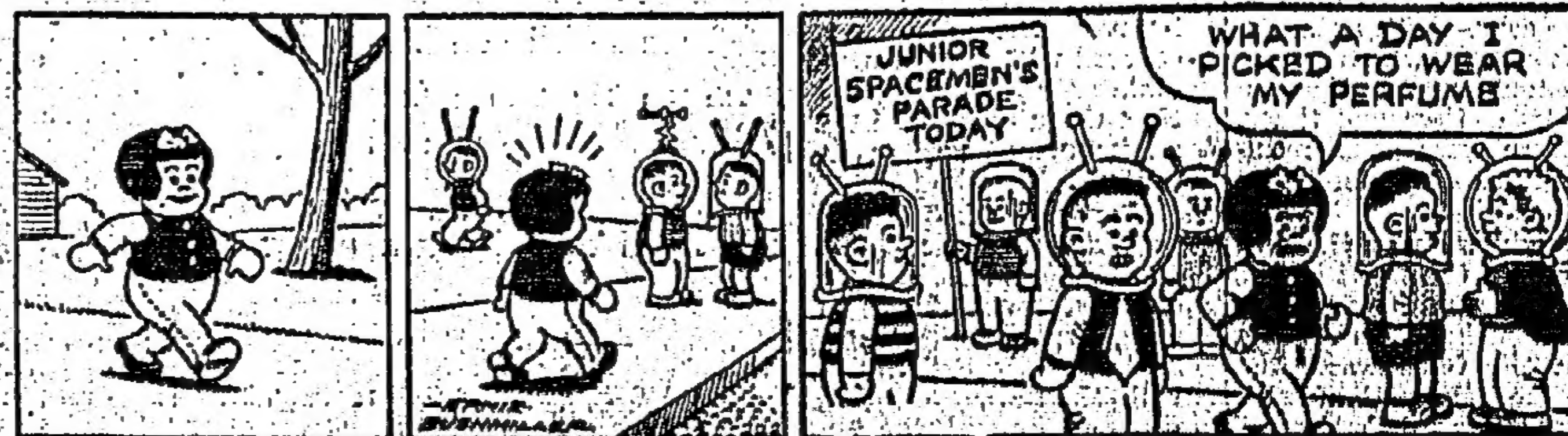
★

BELOW: Recently a private view day at one of the most discussed and most extraordinary exhibitions was put on in London. For 11 weeks the Royal Academy is organising its first ever one-man show by an amateur—Honorary Academician Extraordinary Sir Winston Churchill. 61 landscapes and still-lives picked by Academy President Sir Charles Wheeler and 84-year-old (same as Churchill)—Frank Patrickson, who has framed most of his canvases, will span half-a-century of the life of one of the 20th century's greatest figures, and cover six countries. Seen is Sir Charles Wheeler with a still-life called "Bottlescape", dated 1932.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





## ? DID IT HAPPEN... ?

TODAY'S COMPLETE STORY IN THE SERIES THAT KEEPS YOU GUESSING

## The Seventh Paragraph

ONE feels that some sort of apology is necessary for telling, at this stage, what looks like an escape story, but I can assure you that it is not a PoW story in the accepted sense of the word; and it is certainly one of the oddest things that has ever happened to me.

I was captured by German parachute troops in the early days of the Tunisian campaign, when the front had not settled into its final, muddy, immobility. It was the result of driving over a minefield (probably one laid by our own side), bad map-reading and a measure of bad luck, and that is all that I shall say about that part of it.

I had with me only one signaller and, the front being quiet, our captors had plenty of time to deal with us. I was taken, that night, through a succession of company, battalion and Divisional headquarters and finally deposited, very cold and stiff, in an elementary school at Tunis which was being used as a reception camp.

## Disposals

During the course of those successive tramps in the North African starlight, I had successfully extracted from my pocket an operation order, which I shredded and scattered, a marked map, which I squeezed up and dropped into a wadi, and a sheet of paper with wireless "call signs" and signals on it which, in the best tradition of

the Secret Service, I swallowed. There remained only a note book, and this I could not easily get at, as it was wedged in the front pocket of my battle dress trousers; and in any event, as far as I could remember, it contained little of importance, being made up of extracts from the printed Field Service Pocket Book (of which the Germans no doubt had already more copies than they knew what to do with). It dealt with such matters as the organisation of supply, the routine for burial of the dead, the disposal of wounded—and, ironically, the disposal of prisoners.

It was only the next morning, when I was summoned to the office of the Camp Commandant and saw among the possessions that had been taken from me, this note book open on the table in front of his interpreter (a man closely resembling—and known to all prisoners as Goebbels) that a vague disquiet crept over me. Something to do with

### The extra entry in the Field Service Pocket Book was a joke. But would the Germans appreciate it?

I squinted anxiously at the book. Although I wear glasses, I have goodish long-sight. The page was divided into paragraphs. Paragraph 1 was about getting prisoners back as quickly as possible and paragraph 2 was about not being too friendly with them, in case they got inflated ideas. The next one said, "leave the questioning to Divisional or Corps Headquarters, who are trained to do it." Then two paragraphs about administrative matters. Then—good heavens, yes—how could I have forgotten about that. What an idiot I was—in a light-hearted mood after Mess one night, on the boat, I had added a private seventh paragraph. There it stood, in all its horrible nakedness. "Shoot the b—s" I felt my face going red, and my feet cold. "We do not quite under-

stand this," said Goebbels. "The Commandant wishes to say that he is very angry."

"We do not understand this," said Goebbels. "The Commandant wishes to say that he is very angry."

"Just a joke," I said. "He says that he does not understand jokes like that. This is an extract from an official publication!"

"Well, in a way. But of course the last bit isn't in the book."

## Not appreciated

"It is an additional instruction added after the book was printed?"

"It isn't an instruction at all."

"What is it then?"

"Just a joke."

"It may not prove a joke for you," said Goebbels.

Nor did it. A miserable time ensued. Goebbels took great pleasure in informing me exactly where I stood. There were rumours already current that the Americans had shot a Tank Crew after it had surrendered; and here, in writing was evidence of calculated inhumanity at an official level. A policy of

by  
MICHAEL  
GILBERT

rightfulness, laid down by Allied Force Headquarters. One which would lead to instant reprisals. Reprisals for which, as Goebbels pointed out, there was one very convenient candidate immediately available.

Late that evening I was taken by car to the German Headquarters in Tunis. The Corps Commander had expressed the desire to see me and cross question me. After waiting in an ante-room for an uncomfortable hour we were told that the Corps Commander was too busy with a battle. He would see me in the morning. I returned to my cell.

This was a former outhouse where, in happier days, perhaps deckchairs and gardening tools had been kept. It was simply furnished, with a bale of straw. Also, as I had noticed, the lock was on the inside of the door, and attached only by four screws. And Tripoli at that time was not more than 10 miles from the Allied Front.

When I reached my cell, I found that I was no longer alone. A South African, in flying kit, was lying disconsolate in the corner. He had been shot down in a Flying Fortress over Biserta that afternoon and was the only survivor. He seemed to have got over his ordeal with considerable resilience, and we were soon busy telling each other our life stories.

So naturally selfish is human nature that I can remember nothing of what he told me, except that his name was Ray, but almost everything that I told him. The details of my capture,

my experiences of the night before, and, above all the terrible predicament that was occupying the forefront of my mind.

## Delaying tactics

"It only," I said, "the Germans had a sense of humour." And later: "The only solution is to run away. Fortunately that shouldn't be too hard," and it exposed to him the weakness of the lock.

"Don't rush it," said Ray. "You'll want food and water and some sort of map. They let us see the others by day. Maybe we could pick up something from them. We'll have a crack at it together tomorrow night."

Plans of escape are fatally easy to postpone. We lay down in the straw together and slept. Early next day they came and took Ray away. All prisoners went to a separate camp. As he left he wished me good luck. I spent the day begging, terrorising and stealing—a bottle for water, some oranges, a tin of meat. Such things were much easier in the slack conditions of a reception centre than they became later.

That evening when I headed for my cell the German guard shook his head. No more for me my solitary cell. I was to go over to the main block. It had barred windows and a steel-covered door; and a very alert sentry outside it. There was only one consolation. The Corps Commander seemed to have lost interest in me too.

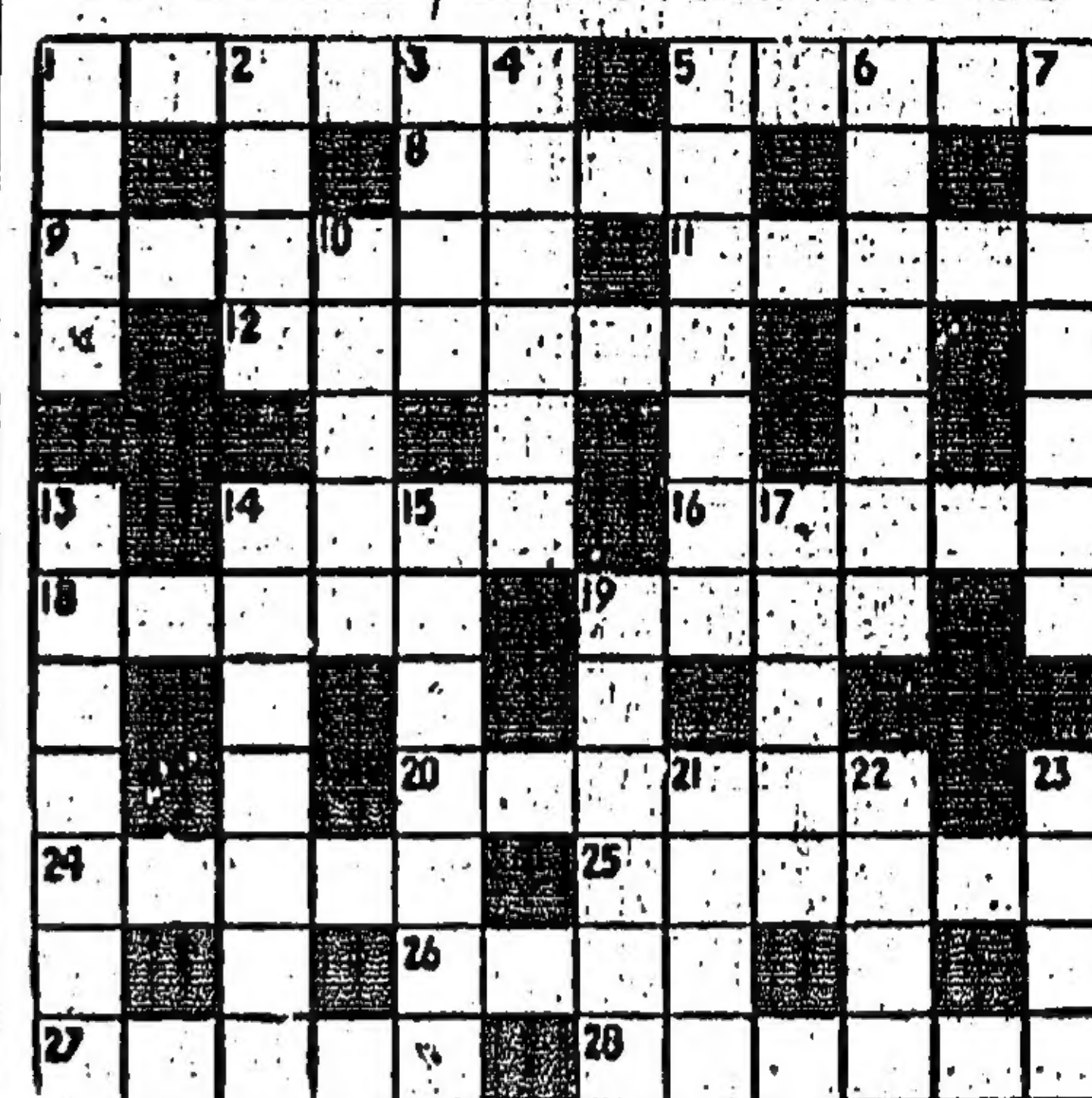
## The solution

All of you will, of course, have arrived at the solution for yourselves. I can only plead that the shock of capture does not conduce to clear thinking. But believe it or not it was not until weeks later, when I met up with other officers in my unit who had also shared their cell with him, that I even realised that Ray was a stooge, planted on me to gain my confidence. Well, he gained it all right. I



MICHAEL GILBERT'S detective novels, thrillers, short stories, television and film scripts are just a hobby. By profession he is a solicitor with offices in Lincoln's Inn. Now 44 years of age, he served with the HAC in Italy during the war. He lives in Kent with his wife and five children. His last book, *The Claimant*, was a brilliant study of the Tichborne case.

## A British Crossword Puzzle



## ACROSS

- 1 Velo.
- 5 Overwhelm.
- 8 Coarse.
- 9 Haphazard.
- 11 Urge forward.
- 12 Showy stuff.
- 14 Lake.
- 16 Oust.
- 18 Stimulating atmosphere.
- 19 Poems.
- 20 Ransom.
- 21 Plot.
- 25 Assort.
- 26 Flower.
- 27 Artificial silk.
- 28 Delicious drink.

## DOWN

- 1 Violent anger.
- 2 Declaim.
- 3 Metal.
- 4 Fruit.
- 5 Adapt.
- 6 Aim high.
- 7 Throb.
- 10 Seat.
- 13 Go to the bottom.
- 14 Clipping art.
- 15 Chorus.
- 17 From.
- 18 Decree.
- 21 Besides.
- 22 Soften.
- 23 Dam.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Casts, 4 Robust, 8 Asylum, 10 Raise, 12 Modest, 14 Frequent, 17 Test, 19 Illusion, 20 Silence, 22 Clot, 23 Uttered, 27 Slimmer, 29 Trite, 30 Dapper, 31 Haggard, 32 Trend. Down: 1 Clasp, 2 Style, 3 Spume, 5 Ogre, 6 United, 7 Treats, 9 Modicum, 11 Astute, 13 Deleted, 15 Rail, 16 Credit, 18 Bere, 20 Scotch, 21 Leading, 24 Tract, 25 Rupee, 26 Dared, 28 Meal.

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# I MEET THE GIRLS WHO CARRY GUNS

... and give Fidel Castro a few tips on the art of speech-making

**B**ARGING around in the rebel camp I naturally found my way to the women's corps, the Mariana Grajales Battalion. Mariana was the mother of Antonio Maceo, a Cuban patriot, and the girls in the battalion had been with the Castro force for a long time.

I learned that they were armed with brass, low-wheeled shoes, no make-up, and guns. All very ascetic, like the bearded men who didn't drink and didn't consort with females while the revolt was on—so it was said.

Most of the girls had a personal reason for being there. A brother or a parent had been shot by the Batistas.

One girl said she would never marry until the revolt was complete. Another was in it for revenge, for injuries done to a sweetheart.

## No chorus line

Their boots and shoes were pretty well gone, from plenty of walking. They wore slacks—which they called penderos—that opened above the boots; a kind of blue jeans garb.

When they joined up with Castro and took to the hills the girls had to put aside bobby pins, curlers, all the gadgetry stuff that women everywhere find vital.

I can't say that this made exactly a bevy of chorus-type beauties out of the girls, but they had something that was pretty wonderful, a camaraderie, and fine faces.

They were rather grim; they wanted no more tyranny, they said. "Peace, for God's sake, let our country live, let the people be in it without constant threats to our men or land."

Not even I can joke about everything I see. What I bumped into among the rebels was serious, and truly revolutionary. There had been too much suffering over the whole island.

## My advice

Fidel Castro, the rebels' leader, gave me a surprising amount of his time and attention at the

Errol Flynn presents the second rip-roaring chapter of his memoirs of the Cuban war. Flynn was with the rebel forces when their revolt moved to its triumphant climax. This is a front-line despatch. To prove it, Flynn has his famous Wound...

## My Cuban War: by ERROL FLYNN

period when Batista was getting ready to quit Cuba, just as the revolt was at the edge of success. He asked me about my own life and experience and that led into my giving him some thoughts on delivery, histrionics, and how to be effective with an audience.

He listened attentively to that and said he would try to put some of the advice to work. He intended giving an address to his officers shortly, and he asked me to let him know how he did.

## No terror

We talked hot and heavy about many things, and he told of his strategy for defeating the Batista Government.

He told me how one of the methods was to cut electric power. This was a principal part of the strategy which won him the victory. But it was altogether another thing and a wrong thing, he said, to poison water, which was a Government tactic.

His idea was to do everything to keep the good will of the people and develop their appreciation of the rebel movement—and not to enrage the public in any way.

Cut off transportation, yes. Break up communication, yes. But no mistreatment of the public, no terrorism.

I asked Castro why his movement allowed itself to be called a rebel rising instead of a patriot movement. I suggested that the word rebel had an outlaw flavour to it; that they should call themselves patriots. He didn't understand the difference.

I mentioned Jesse James. "Who is she?" he asked.

I described the notorious outlaw—and Castro said he didn't understand. I then said that his movement looked, in America, as if it was a force directed against a legal authority.

That he understood. He stiffened. "I am a doctor of law myself," he said, "and the Government has never done anything legal, never."

## His 'luxury'

We dined together, always pretty lightly. He took no pleasure or interest in his food, it seemed. He went about it perfunctorily, like a man who, shaving, thinks of other things.

His food was about the same as everyone else's, as near as I could judge.

Occasionally he had a tin of Spanish tuna served to him, but he said he felt he was being overprivileged if he got fare like that. Mostly he ate arroz con pollo—which is chicken and rice. But you had to look hard to find the chicken.

I tried my hardest to make him laugh, but it wasn't easy to get him to do so.

I gathered that he used laughter rather as a tool in his armoury, as a weapon, to work out the spirits of his followers, but he was too involved a man to see ironies, paradoxes, or amusement in what he was doing.

## Captured guns

I gathered that one of the things that pleased Castro was the way in which his forces captured the guns of his enemies. He told me how his movement had started with eight men setting out to defy the Government—without guns.

His movement obtained its guns mostly by capture from their enemies. And when a man got a gun he kept it in marvellous shape, and treated it like a teenager would handle his first old crock of a car.

In the popular mind the military side has been attributed to Castro, but from what I gathered, the military chief of staff was an Argentine named Ernesto Guevara. Castro spoke of the reliability of his aides and advisers, and modestly attributed to many others the reason for his movement's growth and the run of military successes.

## The prisoner

In my presence this scene took place:

A colonel of police, a hard Batista man, surrendered. I saw this man as he came to Castro's headquarters. He was, brash, he spoke good English, and he had been to school in Chicago. Soldiers brought him to the Commandante extra well secured because the mob was ready to tear him apart. They knew his record as a terrorist.

He gave himself up and he came over to the rebel forces, shaking and trembling, and when he was brought before Castro he said: "I would like to join the movement of the 26th of July"—the anniversary date by which the anti-Batista campaign was known.

"Not until you have earned it," Castro said.

He gave this colonel a loaded Tommy gun, with directions to join his force and show his mettle before he could belong to the Castro movement.

## 3 a.m. speech

At three o'clock in the morning I was awakened from a fitful sleep—I was on a low-lying wooden bench of sorts—when my photographer and I were told that Castro was addressing his officers, and we could go and hear him.

We walked from the hilltop in the moonlight down the long hill that led to the sugar mill where Castro held forth. All about there was a gathering of rebel soldiers. They talked frenziedly, and in the semi-dark I could see their beards, the trade mark of the revolt, the austere bush on the face, symbol of hardness, masculinity, self-denial.

In the mill was a large room where Castro would speak. We were led inside. Along with us there filed in scores of soldiers and officers. I took up a spot in the back of the room. Up front on a rigged kind of platform, was Castro. He stepped forward.

I am used to hearing good voices and to being associated with men who have timbre and power in their throats. I had given Castro a few suggestions, now I listened.

## Oratory

Castro had as much power in his voice as anyone I ever heard say lines for the screen or in the theatre. I believe that this has since been noted by television audiences who have heard his voice, with its confidence and sweep.

Here, by sheer oratory, he held the attention of a crowd of young men—because the Castro movement is largely a youth movement. It dawned on me he was giving them hell. They had always fought honourably, he reminded them, and they treated their prisoners well, and they hadn't stolen, but now, he accused, the discipline was breaking down.

Maybe, he said, this was because they had come down out of the mountains and the scent of victory was in their nostrils, but some things that were going on had to stop! They were drinking beer! Beer—while the cause was still to be won!

## 'Failing'

I hadn't realised that this was such a crime at this end of Cuba. What was I doing here? I better keep under wraps that briefcase with the drop of vodka still in it.

Now Castro was really letting them have it. They were also

going out with girls, and these girls weren't even members of the movement. Where in blazes was this going to end? He asked.

His voice ripped through the mill, and even with my meagre Spanish I caught the words: "You are failing yourselves!" Even so he had them laughing once or twice. Then they would get tense and rap as he went serious.

I hadn't been so close to so much virtue in a long time, not since the last time I entered a church 42 years earlier, dragged there unwillingly by my mother.

I thought of my wives, girl friends, and lesser females in the Flynn retinue around the globe. I wondered what the relationship was between celibacy and a successful revolution.

## Dangerous

I suppose females do interfere with that dedicated feeling you ought to have during a crusade. I realised I could never have the qualifications to pass the muster of the true Castroite rebel.

Suddenly the Commandante pinned, threw up his arms, and left the room. His admirers let loose with carousing yells and it was clear to me they loved him as if he was their mother, father, and brother.

It was no Gettysburg address, I decided, but it was nice to see the boss in such great form.

Then came the morning when I was awakened with the cry

that Batista had fled from Cuba, that Santiago had fallen without a fight.

I woke up my photographer. "Come on, Johnny, get moving!"

Just then a hawk-faced captain, with the usual beard and the lean and hungry look of the revolutionist, came to me with the message: "Mr Flynn, Fidel sends me to tell you that to go to Santiago will be highly dangerous. You want to go?"

I sure did, I told him, and so did the photographer.

## Wounded

During the day a long convey of rebel troops formed, stretching for a mile. Jeeps and motorcycles carried the soldiers. Rebel flags made their appearance on poles and trees. I was in a jeep with the photographer, and some Castro men as the line moved sluggishly toward Santiago.

Everybody expected there would be resistance in the city in spite of the flight of Batista. The local Batista men would figure they might as well fight as to be arrested and shot.

We bounced along behind a column that conveyed Fidel himself toward Santiago. We got as far as Central Point, several miles from Santiago, and we suspected an ambush. The jeeps slowed, and then there was a burst of fire from somewhere. Everybody went for the ditches.

(Continued on Page 7)



RIDING AROUND behind the rebel lines, Flynn stops to give a soldier a lift.

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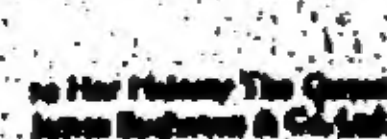
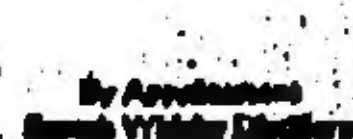


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Tough luck on poor Sam. His hair was a winner. Took three years to grow. Then along came Yul Brynner.



# ... FIVE DAYS THAT MADE HISTORY—AS SEEN BY A HOLLYWOOD WARRIOR

Continued from Page 6

My own view was that the only time to go for a ditch was when planes came and strafed, so I headed instead for cover behind a wall. This building had been shelled and bricks were loose around it.

Something went through my back whatever it was. It was not a bullet, then a hunk of mortar had been splintered and it shrapnelled against my leg. I looked down there and the jeans were pretty bloody.

It didn't look bad, and I considered myself lucky—so far.

The next day there was fighting all over Santiago. Once when the fire was quite noisy I lay down in a gutter and filled up a stenographic pad with notes. My stomach was resting uncomfortably in water and I was uncomfortable until I was able to get out.

## Lonely

For two more days bullets continued to whizz around in a nasty way, but I managed to get quarters in the Casa Granda Hotel—service as usual, and even special consideration for me.

From my window I could see shooting in the street, also an ambulance take away a dead rebel.

It chanced that the hotel wasn't doing a brisk business. I was the only guest and a little loneliness. I alternated between hanging about the hotel and getting out into the streets. My notes for January 4 read:

"Must quit—things getting a bit too hot. I'm behind a marble pillar on hotel porch, but being only one around here feel lonely—bullets too many coming too close make me feel that way. Going to make a dash for it inside hotel. Here goes."

## My scoop

It was around this time that it dawned on me they were not shooting film.

Obviously the thing to do was to get out.

Throughout my stay with Castro I had been making copious notes, for it was obvious that as I was the only thing like an American war



LUNCH: More rice than chicken.



REBELS IN COMMAND: Flynn with a group of Castro's soldiers in Santiago.

# The comic of Santiago asks why I look so old off the screen

wonder—like me—what I was doing there at this time.

One fellow, a kind of comic, asked me: "How come you look so young in the movies and so old now? Tell me."

That hurt a little, and for answer, I gulped some rum.

"Why you no go and act instead of drink rum?" Big laugh from a small audience, at my expense, and of course I had no very profound answer. All of it was convincing me, however, that I should get out.

I retired to another part of the hotel and got my shoes shined. Why is it, I asked myself, that while wars and revolutions,

go on, you can always get these little details taken care of?

In a religious country like this, I said to myself, there will be a quieter day on Sunday they will not shoot each other so much.

Sunday came.

But after the noon Mass, and while the bells were still ringing, bullets began flying.

To hell with this, I said to myself. I'm going to the Coordinator of Transporte for two passes to get to Havana. I made a dash for the Administration Civil, as they called it.

The photographer and I were slightly enraged by now, holed up here in Santiago, with a news story to scoop the world—

how the Government was holding out while Batista was safely out of Cuba—and no pilot to get us to Havana, where we could tell what we know and what we saw.

Also by now the wound on my shin was nasty-looking and needed some dressing and care.

## Charm works

The airport manager at Santiago had a couple of old planes lying around there. Government planes. He said if I could fly I could take one out. "Help yourself," he offered.

"You help yourself," I said. I'm not flying one of those crates." They looked to me as

if they had been built for small boys by a firm that makes erector sets.

A pileload of exiled Cubans from Venezuela landed and unloaded its cargo. Apparently it was going to go on to Havana from here.

Boy, did I get gallant with a little lady at the airport! She was one of the workers in charge of keeping the airport going, and I begged her to let me get on this machine headed westward. I promised her everything except a starring role in my next movie.

My charm worked. I held her hand, I beamed down at her like the warm Cuban sun. Lady, get me on that plane. She melted,

and cameraman Johnny Elliot and I got on that plane and we moved swiftly back to Havana.

I returned to the big city and had my leg wound looked after. It is just possible that a little more was made of it internationally than it deserved. There is a report around that I put in a half-dozen calls to America to mention my wound and the news of my having been with Castro. That is an absolute lie.

I put in only one. That was all that was necessary.

## If you win—

Just before I prepared to return to the States I received a wire from a theatrical agent in New York. It was signed Arthur R. Treffelen, General Artists Corporation.

IF YOU WIN THE WAR HAVE POSSIBILITY TOP NOTCH BROADWAY SHOW CONTACT IMMEDIATELY UPON RETURN TO NEW YORK.

If I win the war Flynn, of Burma, Berlin, Tokyo!—How could he be so naïve!

## The end

Today a China Mail writer talks to the British scientist and administrator who, perhaps more than any other man, is responsible for shaping our World of Tomorrow. He is one of the original team who gave Britain its present lead in nuclear power. The natural successor of such men as Sir John Cockcroft, Sir Christopher Hinton, Sir William Penney and Sir Eric Plowden. He is strongly tipped as the next director of the Atomic Energy Authority.

# Sir William looks forward to the age of leisure

By MARK CHRISTIE

HIGH above the roar of Piccadilly's traffic, in a new building riveted with security arrangements and peopled with police, sits Sir William Cook, 54 years old in April, engineering and production chief of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority.

A product of Bristol University, and incidentally one of the few top scientists not drawn from the Oxford-Cambridge axis, William Richard Joseph Cook's record is one of rapid and unceasing success.

He began with first-class honours in applied mathematics. Then came ten years in the Woolwich Research Department. During the war he was with the Ministry of Supply, working on projectile development.

## Hedge-hopper

After 1945, his life became one long hedge-hopping operation, from being Director of the Guided Projectile Department to Chief of Royal Naval Scientific Research.

In 1954, as plain Mr Cook, he joined the Atomic Energy Authority as Deputy Director of Atomic Weapons Research, and began his long and friendly contact with Sir William Penney.

Cook was in charge of the Christmas Island thermonuclear tests that gave Britain the big deterrent.

He negotiated the "secrets swap" with America which gave Britain research funds in 1952, and marked him not only as a scientist but a diplomat.

In 1957, he was given his present post, with a knighthood in the New Year's Honours of 1958.

All this is belied by the bland, friendly "uncle" face that occupies the simple desk and blank walls of his new office in Charles II Street.

To Sir William Cook, the World of Tomorrow means power—power from the smallest unit known to man, the atom.

## The budget

"At the moment," he said, "we have six atomic power stations in various stages of development, with another two announced, and by the end of 1963 there will be about 14. What we fully expect is that the next generation of stations will make nuclear power competitive with coal," he said.

At present we are in the first generation. By 1965 the advanced cooled reactors will take over, by 1970 it will be the turn of the high temperature reactor, and later still the fast breeder plant.

Once we get into the more advanced stages of reactors, electricity will become cheaper, appreciably cheaper. At the moment it costs about 1d. a unit. We are going to knock it down to 3d. per unit, or less than half.

By then, atomic power will have superseded coal as our main source of energy.

Already one ton of atomic fuel can produce as much power as 10,000 tons of coal. But when we get the Dounreay-type reactor going, we will raise that to about

three million tons of coal," he said.

"People point to our annual budget of £100 million and say it is really worth all that money. They forget that a great chunk of this goes not in research but basic development such as the power plants.

"In 10 years the power stations will 'break even' and then this vast project will really begin to pay off."

Sir William stoked up his pipe, turned half a degree in his chair, and continued to look into the future.

"The real point is this—we cannot provide more coal, so unless atomic power comes up fast, we will be faced with huge imports of coal and oil."

Each year the demand for electricity rises about seven per cent. Where is it to come from? His beetled eyebrows rose about half an inch.

Then Sir William said something about The Dream. "Eventually we foresee Britain drawing its power from sea water, and making use of hydrogen fuel in a fusion process similar to Zeta."

## Real power

"That is still a long way away. Zeta was a terrific breakthrough but the problems are immense, and I would not like to say how long or if they will be overcome. But it's a possibility."

Power-atomic power—means many things. It has already given birth to the American submarine Nautilus and Seawolf

and travel under the North Pole.

Soon the Russian icebreaker Lenin and the American cargo vessel Savannah will join the world's atom ships. Britain has on the stocks, the submarine Dreadnought.

The possibility exists of unlimited power. But power to do what? "Well, now, that brings us to the whole problem, doesn't it? I foresee automation, for example, linked to electricity from power plants. Then we will really be in the time of abundant leisure that everyone wants."

## A 'believer'

Sir William Cook looked pensive. His pipe stuck aggressively out of his mouth. Did he really believe that fairy story about leisure that scientists were forever forecasting but which never seemed to materialise?

"That's a tough question," he said. "Very tough. There was a long tense pause."

"Yes, I do," he replied eventually. "For the majority of people, there will be less and less work. I don't say that will be a good thing. I don't know. It depends what we do with our leisure. But I think it will come."

For a man who himself has no free time at all, this was a strange prophecy.

Sir William's diary is filled for six months ahead with conferences, committee meetings and trips across the continent to keep pace with and organise the work being done in the laboratories.

What does such a man, faced with the tremendous responsibilities of diplomat, scientist and national clairvoyant, do in his spare time? A broad grin came over his face; he recalled his pipe trouble, and said:

"Well, I don't really have any. It's a seven-day-a-week job. What time I get I spend with my family. I read myself to sleep each night. But not text books. No, I don't read thrillers, either."

But the family, comprising Lady Cook, daughter and son at their home in Newtown, near



Sir William Cook: Unlimited power means less and less work for all

Newbury in Berkshire, do not see him often.

While Sir William prepared to attend yet another meeting, I asked him a final question.

AS the man who exploded Britain's first atom bomb on Christmas Island did he himself approve of the nuclear deterrent. The answer came like a bullet. "Oh, yes, I am a great believer in it. These things are so awful, so frightening, that anybody must think very hard before starting trouble. We might never have sat here talking about the future if we had not had that weapon."

(London Express Service)

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## Did Russia's Moon Rocket Really Do It?

DID Russia's Lunik rocket really pass the moon and go into orbit round the sun? No Western scientist saw it or heard its signal. After the first announcement of success Russia has said nothing. Now, for the first time a British scientist publicly voices the doubt in Western minds.

PROFESSOR BERNARD LOVELL, professor of radio astronomy and director of Jodrell Bank, is still tracking America's successful probe 300,000 miles in space. Here he answers 10 questions about Lunik in an interview with PETER FAIRLEY.

QUESTION: Do you doubt tracking Lunik so far with accuracy?

ANSWER: No. There was no evidence that Russia had other than simple forms of tracking apparatus. In fact, we were told that the radio tracking was left to amateurs.

QUESTION: We were inclined to believe this because of the apparent dependence of Russia on tracking stations in other countries. The proof?

ANSWER: For example, in a recent Russian book data about acceleration of Sputnik One are those obtained at Cambridge University.

QUESTION: Do you suspect Russia has apparatus which is so capable?

ANSWER: Not in ordinary scientific observatories. Perhaps in military establishments of which we are uninformed.

QUESTION: Has any Western scientist proof that Lunik was the success the Russians have claimed?

ANSWER: The scientific purpose of Lunik was, presumably, to get data about conditions near the earth and the moon. We have no evidence that it got it. Success would depend on the correct functioning of apparatus in the probe and successful reception of the signal on earth.

QUESTION: It may be that Russia will soon publish results, but at present there is no information.

QUESTION: Why did the world's largest radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank fail to detect Lunik?

ANSWER: This is puzzling. When Lunik was said to be closest to the moon the Jodrell Bank telescope was scanning on the frequency (183 megacycles) said by the Russians to be the tracking frequency.

QUESTION: No signals were received. The telescope was sensitive enough to detect a very small transmitter at that distance. But it is possible that Lunik had a beacon which was under ground control from Russia.

QUESTION: The signals.

ANSWER: Have you asked Russia for information about Lunik?

ANSWER: Yes. I have tried to get an explanation of the apparent lack of signals on the tracking frequency.

QUESTION: Do you think Russia, like the Americans, was directing the bulk of her space resources on a programme of lunar probes?

ANSWER: The Russian scientists informed me last August that they had no immediate intention of launching a lunar rocket. In our experience, our Russian colleagues are most genuine in the information they give us.

QUESTION: I therefore believe that during the autumn Russia re-directed her efforts in view of the partial American success with Pioneer One.

QUESTION: What do you think is receiving priority in the Russian space programme?

ANSWER: Undoubtedly the problem of getting a man into orbit round the earth and then into space.

QUESTION: Let me sketch the background. In the immediate future the United States, and, of course, the rest of the Western world, is going to have to make a crucial decision.

ANSWER: The freezing winter thaw is tugging up its skirts and going. Yes, by all tokens, Washington should be a capital on the move. But no.

QUESTION: Here is the astonishing and amazing situation that Mr. Macmillan, I am sure, suspects and is bound to discover.

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## • BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

ENTERPRISE and initiative could hardly go further than the new liquid which makes eggs moth-proof.

Experiments showed that moths which attacked eggs smeared with the mixture were killed, and that eggs smeared were ignored by the winged marauders. This being so there would seem to be no need to smear eggs at all. But that would be to ignore the best contemporary thought. What is needed now is a chemical which, when smeared on eggshells, will prevent bees stinging them, acting on the assumption that no bees will go within a mile of unsmearing foghorns. "To protect foghorns from creatures which have no intention of attacking them," said an opponent of the scheme, "is rather a roundabout method."

In passing, pointing out the gratifying results of compulsory education, an expert referred to the team-spirit fostered at school, and carried out into the world by those who have learned that valuable lesson. He might have added that every day some gang of armed hoodlums gives a demonstration of the team-spirit as a builder of character.

Solving a dog's problems. To be the smallest dog in the world has costed that he has had to buy one of the most expensive cars, because the little sybarite will ride in no other. Such a dog is bound to take a fancy to flying one day, and the owner will have to buy a private plane. Then the question of a yacht will arise. "Tiny dogs," said a breeder, "have an inferiority complex. That is why they demand luxury."

Seesaw tug-of-war. HO, sir, spring in the ayre will roomind our patrons of our springs in the ayre, seesaw is most suitable at such seasons as this one, and we have a mew hangle. We will parent a tug-of-war hon the seesaw, three men sayde with Kazbulah and me keepin the plank steady at each end, while Rizamughan takes the strane on his belly, the both teams of pullers alling erstride the plank and grippin the rope like at a meteoropolititan porlize yam-buree. Will not this be fun, ho yos piecee.

London Express Service.

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## POWER CAPITALS

## OF THE WORLD

TODAY: WASHINGTON by ROSS MARK



# Leadership lies like a discarded sceptre in America today

THIS city SHOULD be a capital on the move. Down in the shallow, gentle cup of green land that is the Potomac Valley, the river is unfreezing and starting to flow. A warm spring sun has thawed the Virginia and Maryland foothills unleashing the freshets, full and quick. Between the White House and the great pentagonal Defence Department, a rabbit warren of 30,000 workers, the tidal basin stirs brownly, sluggishly, like a million million gallons of coffee, and the ice looks like thick floating hunks of cream.

Spring has brought life to Washington. The ellipse, the parkland running from the Potomac River up to the back lawns of the White House, is still earthy brown, yet with a veil of filmy green. Signs say "Seeded—no short cuts."

Each is a worthy, perhaps even great man. But each is cruelly stricken with a disease that has made him an invalid, or coddled convalescent. There is President Eisenhower, who fell three times in three years by disease—a heart attack, lellitis, and a stroke—plodding through the tag-end of his White House reign.

Week to week I watch him. In this kindly, boyish, honest man there is no sign of the three years by disease—a heart attack, lellitis, and a stroke—plodding through the tag-end of his White House reign.

But for Mr. Eisenhower probably the greatest ordeal in this last-gasp phase of his Administration is the merciless cancer attack that has stricken his Ollath aide, and comfort, and friend Mr. Dulles.

Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd are going to have to cover the waterfront in this next trip to Washington. It will be an international conference such as the world has not seen before.

Yet America is in a strange, contradictory mood on the question of leadership.

From Congress and the Press roll demands for action, calls for like to replace Mr. Dulles abruptly to wrest the initiative from the Soviet Union.

Yet America has turned a stubborn, even resentful back on Mr. Macmillan's efforts to snap the grey East-West cold war deadlock.

In testy fashion Mr. Eisenhower dealt with Supermac's ideas and initiatives of his Press conference last week.

Freckled hands grasping the microphone before him, Ike snapped:

FIRST, he thought Mr. Macmillan's proposals for an atomic test agreement with Russia were impractical.

SECOND, he deplored all the talk about a Summit meeting without the guarantee of a sure, firm, constructive, step coming out of it.

THIRD, he thought Mr. Macmillan's trip to Moscow might

be all right for Britons, but that did not make that sort of thing good for Americans too.

The American Press has been inclined to write off the Macmillan trip as an "election gimmick." Life magazine called it just a sunbeam in a mushroom collar.

Now, Mr. James Reston, distinguished Washington correspondent of the New York Times, tried to analyse Mr. Eisenhower's snappishness.

Mr. Reston suggested that Ike was "hurt" by reports that leadership of the West had been transferred not to Mr. Eisenhower but to Mr. Macmillan following Mr. Dulles' illness.

Certainly in the State Department there has been a tendency to scoff at Mr. Macmillan's efforts to lead the way to the Summit.

One official told me: "Take a look at Mr. Macmillan's travel log—London, Moscow, Paris, Bonn, and now Ottawa and Washington. Who does he think he is—Mr. Dulles?"

Challenge

All the signs are for a great challenge to Mr. Macmillan's energy and skills. Leadership lies like a discarded sceptre in Washington today.

Yet make no mistake, America is no "softie" nation.

Just as it was when China threatened war over the Quemoy coastal islands, the mood in America today is one for square dealing with the Soviet Union.

With its own leadership, backing and filling, I do feel that many Americans would welcome from Mr. Macmillan a pointer towards negotiations.

Next Week: Accru

On the spot

From one American news analyst came this comment: The Khrushchev challenge for a one-two conference on Berlin, first by Foreign Ministers then of Heads of Government, puts the United States on the spot.

We have a sick Dulles and a weak Eisenhower. Who will represent us?

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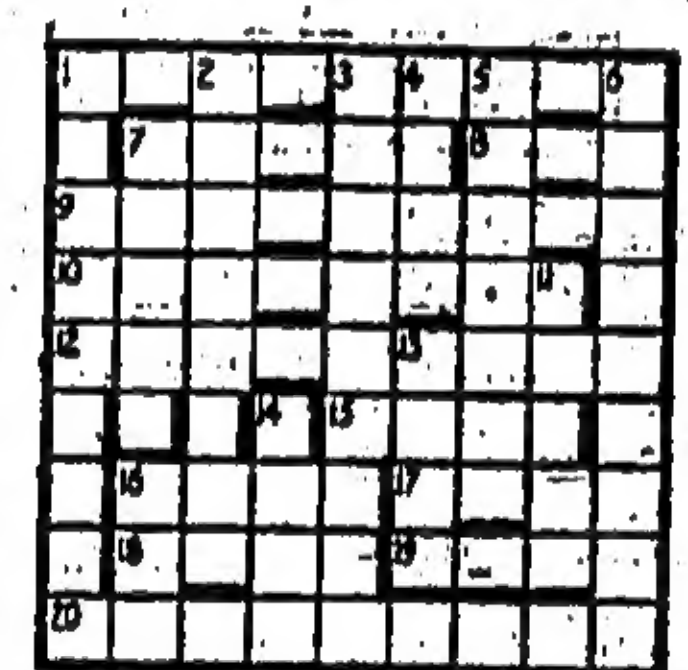
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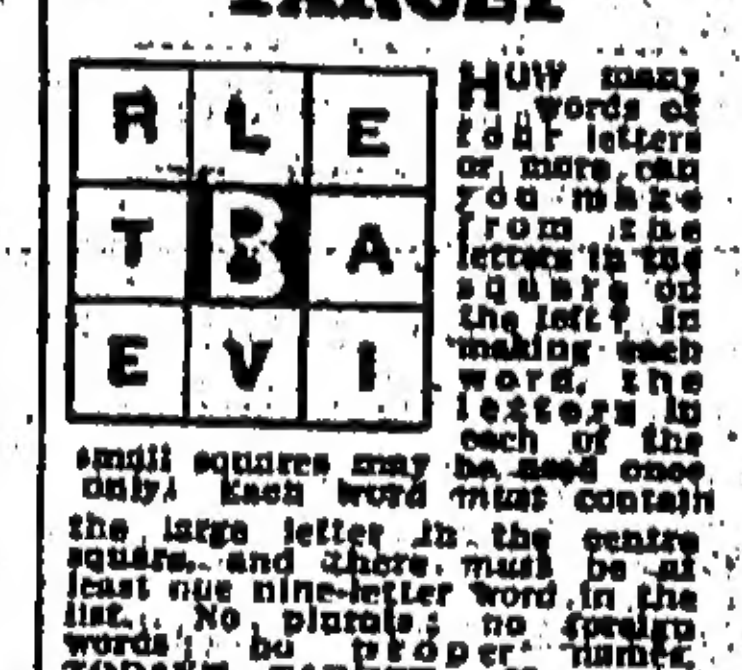
## CROSSWORD



Across  
1. For letters (9) 7. Engine (8)  
2. The night before (8)  
3. Watchfulness (9)  
4. Jewels (8)  
5. Counting back (8)  
6. Framework (4)  
7. Shallow lake (8)  
8. Biblical name (8)  
9. Space (4)  
10. House (8) (anag.) (9)

Down  
1. Raven's word (9)  
2. Cold weather animal (8)  
3. Sea of (8)  
4. Russian (8)  
5. Waiting (8)  
6. Paper (8)  
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## TARGET



Across  
1. For letters (9) 7. Engine (8)  
2. The night before (8)  
3. Watchfulness (9)  
4. Jewels (8)  
5. Counting back (8)  
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London Express Service.

## CHESS NEWS

By LEONARD BARDEN

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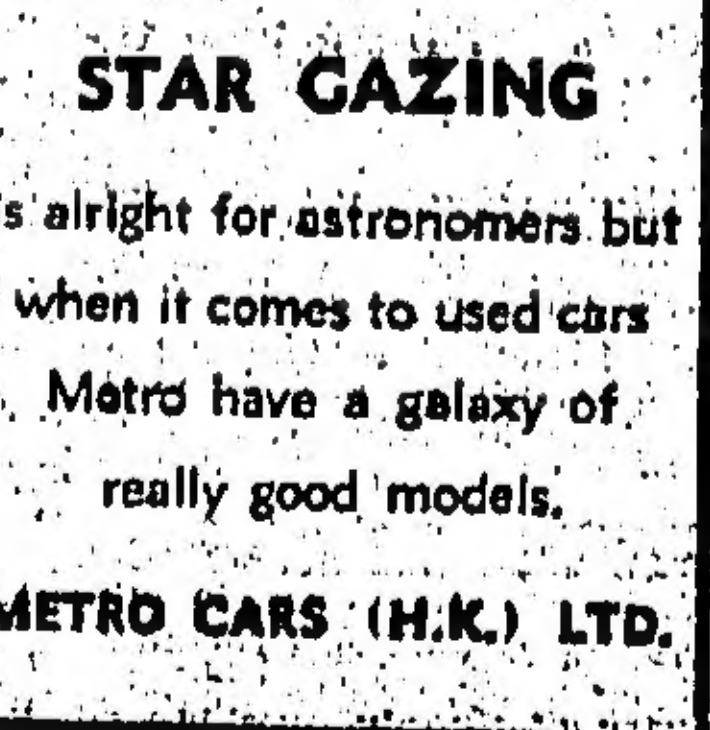


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## BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



## FERNAND

By Bill



SWISSAIR



## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Ask Your Doctor First NOT FOR FAT GIRLS

WITH spring almost upon us, stand by for the inevitable flood of "wonder" diets.

I'm making no forecasts, but I'll bet that the majority of them guaranteed to melt your excess poundage away in no time at all.

★ ★ ★

Beware of them. No diet will melt away your unwanted weight rapidly and safely. Rapid loss of weight may be dramatic. It can also be dangerous. And if you lose weight too quickly, the loss of bulk is not likely to compensate for the almost inevitable nervousness and depression.

I'm not arguing against dieting. But I do urge you to be sensible about it.

The first thing to remember is that by far the greatest amount of overweight is the

By JEAN GRAHAM

result of eating and drinking too much.

That may seem a statement of the blindingly obvious. But you'd be amazed how many women will not face up to it. And why? Because once you do, you're faced with a test of will-power that too few are ready to accept.

Still want to go ahead with a diet? Fight the most important thing, then, is to make sure that your health doesn't suffer while you are dieting. So first of all, see your doctor. He can put you on the sort of diet which will remove weight at a safe rate—two to three pounds weekly.

At the same time he will make sure that your diet includes necessary nourishment—protein, vitamins, minerals.

Almost certainly he will tell you to cut out high-calorie foods (pies, rich puddings, gravies, dressings). But don't despair. You'll be amazed at the amount of appetizing food still available to you.

Don't please delude yourself that you can carry on eating richly and lose weight by exercise. Exercise alone will not solve your problem. At best it will tone up your body and use up some of the calories which would otherwise turn into extra fat.

★ ★ ★

If you are going to lose weight safely and effectively, then resign yourself to the fact that it is a long term process.

And face this fact, too. If you want to stay trim and healthy, you'll have to change your eating habits permanently.

But, please, make sure that you do so on adequate medical advice.

## It's Important To Be Corseted Below

By MURIEL PENN

A NEW Line in fashions demands new foundation garments to show it off to the best advantage.

This is especially true of the coming spring and summer as fashion returns to a more fitted look after the loose lines of the Sack, the Chemise and the Trapeze.

No one knows better than the smart woman that foundation garments are the foundation of fashion—that "if a woman is ill-clothed beneath, the most elaborate and costly clothing will tend to give her a 'bargain basement appearance'."

In other words, an inexpensive dress or suit worn over an appropriate and properly fitted foundation garment will look ten times better than the most expensive outfit worn over an ill-fitting or inadequate girdle or corset.

The bodice, began to cover the cage-like structures of whalebone, steel and even wood, with black satin and edge them with a bertha of lace—to eliminate the need for a camisole. At the same time, also "to save space" and obtain a smoother front fit they buttoned their petticoat direct upon the corset.

straps is permitted. Although these are supplied with daytime models if required, the makers prefer the strapless versions.

## From The Hips

A foundation garment should be moulded from the hips upwards. When this is done correctly, shoulder straps become superfluous.

The "corsetress" is only one of a whole range of new models launched at a recent gathering of international fashion experts from Britain, France, Italy and many other countries of Europe as well as the United States and Canada.

Dr. Braun, son of a 20-year-old orphan who, in company with a neighbour, Johann Spieshofer, began the success story of the firm of "Haupt" in a cellar workshop over 70 years ago, in 1886, believes firmly that women should have a corset for every occasion and every time of day, and change them as they change their moods.

So in the new "first dress" wardrobe, there is a cotton bralette and under combination for sport, a "figure wear", a smart high-busted corset to offset an elegant dress and jacket ensemble, a "corset" for wearing under a slim cocktail or evening sheath, and the bouffant version in day or evening lengths, "to hold out" full, swirling skirts.

## For Sport

For yachting, camping, and ideal for wear under the popular new "light" which are replacing slacks or jeans in the teenagers' wardrobe, there is a novel "first dress" combination of fitted elastic pants with contrasting lace trimming and elastic ribbon side fastening, and a deep tiling classic corset.

Most breath-taking of all, perhaps, is a special bride model with a magnificent tiered, bouffant petticoat in white satin adorned with "lurex" knots. Stars of the collection are "Merry Widow" brassieres and corsets in delicate combinations of black lace mounted on white pink, lilac or violet satin and elastic, and designed to cater for the demands of the new 1959 line.

Every garment in this collection is a masterpiece of design, finished with lace, ribbon, or attractive little details. Brims are cut low enough in front to accommodate the latest décolleté. Details are hand made and fine, emphasizing the quality of the design. Deep scooped-out backs and "corset" provide the new, better-looking, more comfortable, more beautiful.



Actress Kay Kendall started the fashion—black stockings. In cold weather they're a boon, at other times they look very silly.—Reuterphoto.

## KATHLEEN NORRIS WRITES HER LAST BOOK?

KATHLEEN NORRIS, author of "86 or 87" novels, 300 short stories and more than 1,500 articles, has written her last book... maybe.

She recently completed her autobiography, fat with anecdotes, stories and pictures. The yet-untitled book will be published in September.

"I say this is my last" and more, she said, "I'm not sure of it." But there's always one more in the back of my mind.

A newspaper writer before the 1930 earthquake and fire of 1906, Mrs. Norris published her first novel, "Mother," in 1911. President Teddy Roosevelt praised it so enthusiastically that 1,500,000 copies were sold.

Kathleen Norris had some emphatic opinions about today's "shocking school" of fiction, with its emphasis on sex:

"I belong to the generation before sex, when young people didn't float over such tripe. I'm not easily shocked, but I am easily disgusted."

## MODEL FEMALES

Mrs. Norris' heroines are model, graceful—good, true, kind and beautiful.

"But they have to get into some sort of trouble or I wouldn't have a plot," she said. "That trouble is resolved morally for Mrs. Norris, a devout Roman Catholic who feels that morals haven't changed during the ages, even if some authors make them have."

"We've always heard about 'shocking girls' who behaved badly," she said, "but they're the communications of the modern age, and they're not the kind of girls I write about."

## DON'T WORRY ABOUT A BACKWARD CHILD

If Johnny falls in school, it may not mean he's a dull boy. Perhaps he needs medical attention.

So says Dr. C. Henry Kempe, a doctor and professor at Colorado University medical school.

"School failures are a medical problem and should be treated as such," Kempe said. Basically, such failures are a matter of adjustment, he added.

"In grades one to three, failure often is caused by mental deficiency or slowness or by undetected handicaps such as faulty hearing or sight. Among smart children who cannot read, there may be a mental block that makes a certain type of teaching result in a learning deficiency. The deficiency can be corrected by going back to the first grade level and reteaching by another method," he said.—U.P.I.

## PLANTING A GARDEN

A ROSE may not be a rose unless it is planted with care.

Choose planting spots reached by the sun at least six hours a day. Dig holes 15 to 18 inches apart for hybrid tea roses, 20 to 24 inches apart for floribundas. Keep bare-root roses in water until ready. Spread the roots over a cone of soil in the bottom of a roomy hole.

The knob of the stem should be at soil level when the hole is filled. Pulverise the soil and mix in one cup of granular commercial plant food. Surround the roots and pour in water, letting the water carry to all air pockets. The pull up slightly.

In summer, water roses often. Feed each plant a half cup of balanced plant food every third week, then water. Cut stems of faded blooms back to a five-part bud.

## Evening Glitter



By ALICE ALDEN

GLITTER, horn, interest and back interest all play a starring role in evening dress. This year even a minor evening occasion will tempt a simple yet outstanding costume such as this. The fabric is gold and wool knitted, lace, tulle and silk. The top has an intricate design, edged at the neckline with a black lace. The back features a wide neckline in elegant, contrasting, front. The skirt is full and the outfit, featuring only the skirt, will look like a star.

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## Modern Parents Have Strange Values

By Garry Cleveland Myers, Ph. D.

A MOTHER returning from her hairdresser's the other day said she saw a little girl there, about 4, getting a permanent. When she expressed surprise, the hairdresser told her: "I began giving my own little girl permanents when she was only 2½."

## CAPS AND GOWNS

Some private kindergartens have their youngsters graduate in caps and gowns. Formal graduation exercises with all the trimmings are creeping down the grades in some public schools.

Dolls, almost life-size, of brides and grooms are on sale today, and formal dresses for girls barely out of babyhood. I once heard a minister report boastfully that his little son, 5, had been a bridesman in a Tom Thumb wedding on the previous evening.

## NOTHING TO ANTICIPATE

What have these children left to look forward to? How dull will the usual celebrations be for them when they approach adulthood? No wonder special occasions, such as those which come with the aid of

liquor, tend to be added increasingly to avoid boredom.

Naturally, kids like to take part in group activities which make them imagine themselves adults. Yet it is actually all fantasy with them, for they lack the age and maturity to enjoy these activities as real experiences. They are lured by the glamour and miss the discipline they get a warped sense of values.

## ADULT VANITIES

These precocious practices by children do very young would not occur but for the vanities and appetite for amusement of adults. What can be the measure of values for the mother who has her daughter (3, 5, or even 8) get a permanent? Who buys brides and groom dolls for her daughter (only 6, 7, or even 12)? Who urges other mothers to have parties with formal dresses for their daughters (9 or 10)?

What can be the measure of values of the school principal and parents of sixth-grade children who insist on putting on graduation exercises that are almost identical to high school or even college commencement?

When will adults use the common sense with which they were born?





ABOVE: Parents anxiously scan the examination results list during the Kowloon Junior School Open Day held recently.

RIGHT: Mr Tang Shiu-kin, who presented a mobile eye clinic to the Hongkong branch of the British Red Cross Society recently, applauds as Lady Black (centre), wife of the Governor, hands the van's licence over to Mrs Wendy Turner.



ABOVE: Charles Patrick O'Donnell Paterson poses for the photographer in his mother's arms shortly after his christening at St John's Cathedral recently. He is the son of Mr and Mrs B. O'Donnell Paterson. His sisters, Judith and Susan, are on left and right.



ABOVE: Mr Henry Yip Ching-ping and Miss Cecilia Chan Kit-lai, who were formally engaged at Sky Restaurant before a large gathering of friends and relatives recently.

BELOW: Mr and Mrs William John Lees soon shortly before they left on the ss President Wilson recently to spend their honeymoon in Japan. The bride is the former Miss Sandra Talbot, a popular member of the Colony's younger set.



ABOVE: A Police motorcycle escort leads the way for a hearse bearing the remains of the late Sir Man-kam Lo who died on March 7. Sir Robert Black and Lady Black were among the many who paid their last respects to Sir Man-kam.

LEFT: Mr Lo Shiang-fu, 89-year-old Confucius scholar, soon speaking at the Rotary Club, Hongkong Island West, luncheon last week. He reminisced of his Canton schooldays some 60 years ago.



BELOW: Little Latifa Rahman (centre) smiles at the many friends who gathered to help her celebrate her ninth birthday recently. Latifa is the daughter of Mr and Mrs S. A. L. Rahman.



ABOVE: The Chinese Radio Association gave a farewell dinner party recently for Mr A. G. van Rongen, managing director of Philips Hongkong Ltd. Seen is Mr T. K. Law, chairman of the Association, making a speech with Mr van Rongen on his right.



BELOW: Staff members of the Mercantile Bank gave a farewell party on Monday to the assistant accountant, Mr S. Boag (centre), who is being seconded to the Bank's Kuala Lumpur branch. They are seen here gathered for a group photograph.

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ABOVE: A group snapped at the St Paul's Boys' College Alumni Association dinner in honour of the Rev. G. L. Speak's appointment as Headmaster of the College. Left to right are the Rt Rev. R. O. Hall, Bishop of Hongkong, Rev. G. L. Speak, Dr W. K. Fok, and Mrs A. D. Stewart.



RIGHT: Dr the Hon. S.N. Chau addresses a gathering at the opening of the new club premises and laboratories of the Chinese Photographic Association at Coronet Court, North Point. Mr Frank C. F. Hsu, President, is on right.



ABOVE: Dr and Mrs Haroon Abdullah seen shortly after their wedding at the Registry last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Lillian Chan How-ling, while the groom is a Medical Officer at Queen Mary Hospital. A Chinese banquet reception, attended by over 200 guests, was held later at the Clover Restaurant.



ABOVE: Major-General L. N. Howard-Jones presents a trophy to Lt N. F. Payne shortly after the REME athletics meet held at Boundary Street on Wednesday.

BELOW: Lady Hogan, wife of the Chief Justice, Sir Michael Hogan, presents little Tang King-ping, of Eastern Hospital Road Government School, with the Helen Henschel Cup at the finals of the Schools music festival held at Queen's College recently.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, escorts Mrs Dawson-Grove into the ballroom at Repulse Bay Hotel during the St Patrick's Society annual ball this week. On right are Dr A. W. Dawson-Grove, President of the Society, and Lady Black.



LEFT: Mr Roger Lavi toasts Mrs C. L. Kung at a cocktail party held recently during the opening of the new shop premises of Kung Bros. and Co., Ltd., and the Hong Zang Tailoring Co. at the Miramar Arcade.

BELOW: Dame Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina of the Royal Ballet, and her partner, Mr Michael Somes, visited Hongkong recently. They are seen here with Miss Carol Bateman (left) who trained Dame Margot in Shanghai many years ago.



BELOW: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, poses with a group during the Lions Club annual ball held at the Peninsula Hotel recently. Left to right are Mr S. Wong, Mrs Jack Y. H. Yuan, Mr J. Clarke, the Governor, and Mr and Mrs Nelson H. Leo.

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ABOVE: Hollywood stars Tony Martin and his wife Cyd Charisse arrived in Hongkong from Manila for a five-day pleasure stay. They are seen here (first and third from left) after disembarkation.



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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## Cooking Cavalier gives a winner of a dinner . . .

"WHY is it," said a friend, "that chefs are anonymous? I think their names should be on the menu or in the window of the restaurant so that we would know whom we have to thank for the food."

She had something there. I make a point of finding out the name of the chef. To me, he is much more important than the place.

My friend, Bartolomeo Calderoni, is also an intelligent cook. He decorated "Cavalier" by King Emanuel of Italy for furthering abroad the good name of the Italian kitchen.

Actress June Thorburn, whom I took along to meet Mr. Calderoni, is also an intelligent cook.

We asked Mr. Calderoni to suggest some less difficult dishes, some ideas for sweets.

freshly-milled pepper, flour, olive oil for frying. I thinly sliced medium-sized onion, 1 desiccated olive oil, 1 crushed clove garlic, 2 leaves fresh sage, a sprig of rosemary, a bay leaf, 3 to 4 peppercorns, 1 to 2 chillies, 2 tablespoons pure red wine vinegar, 5 tablespoons of water.

Season the trout with a little salt and pepper. Turn them in flour, shake off excess, then very gently fry them on both sides for a very few minutes in a little olive oil. Place them close together in a dish in which they fit snugly.

Fry the onion for 10 minutes in the fresh olive oil, without colouring it. Add the remaining ingredients and heat through. At once pour this mixture over the trout. Leave for 12 hours in a cold place, then turn the trout and leave for a further 12 hours.

Remove the garlic—it is unpleasant to get a piece in the mouth and you want only the aroma—but leave everything else in the dish. Serve each trout with a spoonful of its marinade.

### ★ ★ ★ Souped Trout

MR CALDERONI gave us his "Trotterelle di Fiumo in Carbone"—souped trout, to you and me—because, he said, housewife could save money by applying the method to less expensive herrings, especially in the early summer when their flavour is so good.

This dish, which I have made, is a wonderful one for a dinner party because it has to be made 24 hours before it is eaten to give the marinade time to penetrate properly. It is served direct from the dish. No last-minute work!

Place it in a buttered shallow oven dish. Add a chopped small onion, four chopped skinned and de-seeded tomatoes, a little chopped parsley, a sprig each of thyme and, when you can get it, tarragon, pepper and salt to taste, a little lemon juice and a wine glass of dry white wine.

Cover down closely with buttered greaseproof paper and braise in a moderate oven until the halibut is cooked, which is

when the centre bone can be removed.

Drain off the stock. Boil to reduce it, then add a claret glass of double cream. Let cook for a few minutes to thicken. Finish by adding about 100 butter, a little at a time, shaking the pan to bring the sauce together.

Pour this over the halibut—skin removed, if you wish. With it, just now, serve whole tiny new potatoes, plainly boiled then turned in a little butter.

This is a simple way with veal—as simple as only a first-flight chef can devise.

For four people, allow four thick best-end-of-the-neck veal cutlets, the bones cut fairly short. Scrape the flesh from the bones down towards the "kernels" of meat and remove all skin.

Season the cutlets with salt and paprika, working them well into the meat on both sides. Very gently fry them to a pale gold on both sides, so slowly that the butter does not darken. Transfer the cutlets to a heated dish and keep them warm.

Add a claret glass of dry white wine to the frying-pan and boil it hard, working a fork over the surface of the pan to get off the residue. Add 1/2 pint double cream and cook it for two to three minutes. Add a little butter to the sauce.

Place the cutlets on a noodle pancake, pour the sauce over them and arrange a sprinkling of sliced hard-boiled egg between each cutlet.

In Mr. Calderoni's kitchen, fresh noodles are made from only flour, eggs, and butter. You can buy noodles. Have them cut as fine as vermicelli. Boil and drain 6 or 8 oz. noodles. Season them. Add a little butter and finely grated Parmesan cheese to taste. Bind with a beaten egg. Make a pancake of the mixture and fry it in butter on both sides.



Calderoni's Orange Sicilienne is sampled by June Thorburn. Such refreshing vitamins!

The finish may be a little too much for the single-handed cook. It is a bouquet of cucumber, cut into olive shapes, and cooked in butter. The cucumber can be omitted, at this time of year, at any rate, because they are so expensive.

### Oranges Sicilienne

THIS is a simplified version of a quite elaborate sweet—orange filled with two ices, one water and one cream. For children's parties, allow a lingering orange for each.

Cut a slice off the stem end of each. Remove the pulp with a spoon of grapefruit knife and slice it. Call the shells in the refrigerator. Half fill each with finely cut fruit salad, fill up with any ice cream you like, garnish with little segments of tangerine with a rosette of whipped cream in the centre.

The filling is a last-minute job. Finish off each orange with a "handle" of brilliant green—a strip of angelica slipped down into two facing sides of the sweet.

Here is a tip to make the oranges stand firm. Hollow the

### Crema Negrina

THIS is Bavarian cream, more than ample for six servings. Beat together four egg yolks, 1/2 lb. sugar and 2 oz. freshly and finely ground coffee. Meanwhile, have a vanilla pod gently heating in 1 pint Jersey milk. Soften 100 best quality powdered gelatine in a tablespoon of cold water. Stir the vanilla-flavoured milk into the egg yolk mixture, then work in the softened gelatine.

Very gently heat the lot over a slow fire, working a wooden spoon back and forth along the bottom of the pan until the gelatine is dissolved and the custard coats the back of the spoon.

Only danger here is the possibility of making scrambled eggs which would happen if the heat was too much. The mixture must not boil.

Have your fine sieve resting over a bowl. Pour the custard all at once into it and work it through. Leave it to cool, giving it a stir from time to time. Lastly, stir in a quarter whip one pint double cream and fold in three-quarters of it.

Serve in shallow champagne glasses. Whip the remaining cream until stiff enough to pipe tiny rosettes around the edges of each glass. Serve with biscuits, those compact, very dry Italian sponge fingers.

Helen Burke

(London Express Service)

### Household Hints

Tartar sauce for fish is made quickly by mixing a teaspoon each of instant minced onion and water. Let stand a few minutes, then add 1/2 teaspoon chopped parsley, pickle relish and a squeeze of lemon or lime juice.

In choosing plastic upholstered furniture, look for fabric-backed plastic for greater durability.

A quick barbecue basting sauce, combines 3 ingredients: 1 (12-ounce) bottle hot ketchup, 1 cup vinegar and 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce. Makes 1 1/2 cups. Unused sauce should be refrigerated.

Put a sprig of parsley into each ice cube of water and freeze. When making soup add one frozen cube or more as desired.

To locate a leak in a gas pipe, brush soap suds on the pipe. The suds will bubble where the gas is escaping.

If boiled eggs get mixed with raw ones, you can separate them by spinning them. Raw eggs will not spin, but cooked ones will twirl like a top.

When doubling a recipe, it is a mistake to try to double the salt or other seasonings also. They should be used sparingly and by taste.

Glamourize steaks by serving them flanking a tablespoon bourbon over thick slices, brushed to your family's taste and lightly. The alcohol burns away, leaving a delicious flavour.

## YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, MARCH 21

BORN on this first day of the incoming sign, Aries, you are a pioneer, a leader in ideas or action and will fight for your cause, no matter how severe the opposition. You have a fiery nature and like to dramatise yourself as well as your own ideas. You have musical ability and will probably play some instrument for a hobby, even if you never achieve professional status.

You are impulsive and all too often act before considering the consequences. You also have a high temper which you must learn to control. You often burst out and say things you regret the next moment. But it may take longer than an instant to mend the fences that blow down in the storm.

Fortunately, you do have a keen sense of humour and you can manage to see the amusing side of life—even when the joke is on yourself. Kind and loving, you are also something of a stern disciplinarian when it comes to having others follow your directions. You usually know what you want and, after directing others carefully, demand that your instructions are followed, to the letter. Sometimes these two characteristics get in the way of each other and you seem to lose your sense of humour. Get it back at once; then the problems smooth themselves out much more easily.

Among those born on this date are: Adolph Brodsky, violinist; Johann Sebastian Bach, composer; Florence Ziegfeld, producer; George Ward, noted theologian.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A fine family day. Perhaps you can include someone in the circle who is less fortunate.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Take an active part in some community affair and also contribute to your own well-being. GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—After your morning devotion, devote the balance of the day to family affairs.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—A fine day for all your activities. Make the most of excellent aspects at this time.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)—Take the initiative in some neighbourhood affair today, and play your role effectively.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Invite friends to your home this evening. Enjoy the company of those with similar views.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—A fine family day. Perhaps you can include someone in the circle who is less fortunate.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You should take this opportunity to be a good example to others. Make personality count.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—A good day, but don't expect any more out of it than you are willing to put into it.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—Take an important part in today's special activities. Make a real family affair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A pleasant, active day for you and yours. There is romance for you, too.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Take your personality today and use it to the best advantage.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22

BORN today, you have qualities of both the executive and the artist, and each probably will vie for attention. You are a good organizer and are able to combine both social and business advantages favourably. Yet, there is a yearning for some artistic, creative expression, and if you do not pursue one of the arts as a life profession, it is likely that you will become either a patron of the arts or follow one as a hobby. You cannot be entirely happy unless this side of your nature is given some expression.

You have a kindly and understanding nature. You can analyze the underlying motives of others and at moments of crisis can often give invaluable advice. You never offer it voluntarily, but when asked, you will give it. If it is not followed, you are unhappy and you will never be persuaded to do it again!

Your ideals are high and you have an earnest ethical sense which makes you always try to do exactly the honourable thing. Your word, once given, is as good or better than another's bond. You can be depended upon to render a service whenever asked to do one. Your love of nature is well developed, and you are happiest when in your own family group. Wed at an early age for the best happiness.

Among those born on this date are: Edith Mason, singer; Robert Millikan, physicist; Madison Cawein, poet; Sir Anthony Vandryke, painter; and John Heston Clarke, jurist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, MARCH 23

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—The trades and services are especially favoured now. Act sensibly during evening hours.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Consider carefully an opportunity offered you. A journey can also further your interests. GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—An excellent trend for business. Get your rewards for past efforts now.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—This prospect for the next few days. Make the most of opportunities offered now.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 23)—You should make the most of the last week of July, then now is when you should reap the rewards.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Devote your best energies to getting a job done during working hours. Relax in the evening.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There is a fortunate trend until noon, so make the most of it. Cash in on good prospects, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Curb unwieldy impulses today, for rewards of the past few days should not be sacrificed.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Work hard all day and achieve results. Then rest and relax in the evening.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—If you have made wise decisions during the past 19 days, you should profit now.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Act and diplomacy can bring excellent dividends today. Be co-operative with others.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Fishes in hot water. Good news about a check, but reason. Mend your ways!







## LIMELIGHT by THOMAS WISEMAN

# Young Mr. Wilde And The Acting Lark

BY setting their growing pains to music, more and more teenagers with fast pulse beats and loud voices are taking the well-trodden short-cut to success.

Making the most of their lack of years and their lack of experience, they tend to become idols before they have become adults. It is a somewhat drastic re-arrangement of the usual chronological order of things.

The mind of such a pre-teen idol may need some sunbathing for, but once discovered it can be interesting to explore.

Mr. Marty Wilde is, I am told, a teenage idol. His manager tells me his client may be hired for £1,000 a week or £200 a night. Mr. Wilde sings.

As from this week, he also acts. He has been given a part in a film called *Jetstream* which also has Dame Sybil Thorndike in the cast.

Mr. Wilde's manager tells me that lots of other film companies are after his client and there seems to be a possibility that he will get the star role in the film of *Exposé* Bongo.

### Born Smith

I saw Mr. Wilde this week after his first day as an actor. I visited him at his home in the Woolwich Road, East Greenwich, where he lives with his parents. His father drives a number 70 bus from Eltham to Victoria.

Opposite the house in the Woolwich Road where the teenage idol lives — "unspoilt by success" — are two vast posters. One says in black lettering, "The Wages of Sin Is Death"; the other one, in blue lettering, urges forward in Freedom with the Conservative Party.

In the living room of his parents' house young Mr. Wilde,



who was born with the rather square name of Reginald Smith, stands before the fireplace in his braces, the malleable, flying up the contemporary wallpaper behind him and the Hi-Fi recorder going full blast and making the plaster nymphs on the mantel rock and roll a little.

The idol's mum brings in tea and biscuits; the publicity man — who has brought his wife along just for the ride — lights everybody's cigarette and Mr. Wilde turns down the Hi-Fi a little to make himself heard.

"Bein' an actor — it's just great," he says, "I'm goin' to go in for that lark in a big way." He considers seriously the problem of whether or not it is necessary to have any training to be an actor.

"I wouldn't say I need to have lessons, and I wouldn't say I didn't. What I'm goin' to do is some elocution lessons to make me speak properly."

"I can put on a posh voice if I want to, but I want to pronounce better, you know? Not lah-di-dah or that, but just so as I speak clear, you know? Seein' I'm goin' to be in the films now."

"That's where the money is — films. That's goin' to be my biggest source of income now. It's goin' to knock out all the others. Yer, that's right, I make around a thousand quid a week now."

"What do I do with it all? Well, it just seems to go. You know 'ow it is. I don't live a grand sort of life. I don't like to escape from the sort of boy I was. I still need my parents' guidance."

The publicity man smiles approvingly. "I wouldn't want a flat of my own," he says, "I wouldn't want to move into a class area. Wouldn't feel at home there. But I'd like a nice bathroom."

"Money is well, it's prestige. What frightens me is

that money will spoil my personality. I can't stand big heads. I wouldn't want to become a big head. Lots of people tell you how marvellous you are and all that, but you get to dole out yourself to decide if it's true."

"Maybe in another two years the fans wouldn't want to bother with me none but I'd still go on 'cause if I couldn't sing I wouldn't want to be on this earth."

"Singin' — it gives you well, you get kicks, it's like a drug like when you're out there on the stage and the kids are screaming for you, it's like a drug. It's like you can really let go."

"If I'm unhappy you can let it all out in the music. I imagine love must come up to that. Can't say it does as I never been in love, but that's what I imagine."

### Starlets—No!

"Most of the girls I know to go out with are in show-business, but I don't go for these starlet types — not for keeps. Oh they're great to go out with and they're not dumb like people say."

But the sort of girl I'd go for is an ordinary girl like a girl I saw at the studio who brought the tea, a girl like that. I don't have much time to date but if I did have time that's the sort of girl I'd go for, not actresses. They're too full of themselves."

I asked Mr. Wilde whether he thought he deserved to earn £1,000 a week. He shifted his elbow from the mantel to the top of the tiny bar which had been erected in a corner of the sitting room. His framed photographs stared back at him from oil around the crowded room.

"I make people happy," he said, "and that's worth anything. It's like — Dame Sybil

graphically for profit and discovered that he was really Georg von Weissenfeld who had fled from Germany after forging cheques. "Detectives" tracked him to his house in Cambridge where, behind a secret panel, Weissenfeld was disclosed, a revolver in his hand.

A detective struck the weapon from his grasp and in less than a minute he was handcuffed. Then he asked for a glass of water, took one sip and fell dead.

Ellis always thought that the publication of his book was the one distinguished moment in his crook's life but — "Ellis was the pornographic publisher's dream of an author, a man so pure at heart that he could provide the impure with fare far richer than that of a conscious pornographer."

The sentimental life of this prophet was as unsatisfactory as might be expected. He attracted Olive Schreiner, a novelist who never needed to drink because she was always in "the sort of state that other people get into after a bottle of champagne."

Obviously the affair was not likely to prosper. Then he was married, unfortunately, to Edith Ellis. At last, to his own great surprise, he found fulfillment with a Frenchwoman named Francoise.

The tragic-comedy of Ellis's love life is told by Calder-Marshall with immense tact and humour. Its most wryly amusing turn occurred when Francoise took another lover, High de Selincourt, and Ellis, the apostle of free love, behaved like any normal, jealous male.

Havelock Ellis was neither a figure of fun nor a charlatan, but he narrowly escaped being both. Calder-Marshall views him with good-natured detachment and presents him as a convincing, if puzzling, oddity.

(London Express Service).

# Massacre In The Mud—Who Holds The Blame?

By MILTON SHULMAN

In Flanders Fields. By Leon Wolff. Longmans. 25s.

NOT least among the debris washed up by the aftermath of war are the sad skeletons of shattered ideals and men's reputations.

With the whitened bones of the Second World War almost picked clean by the memoirs and the histories, it was perhaps only natural that writers would turn again to the First World War for a masochistic re-examination of man's idiosyncrasy to man.

In Flanders Fields is a brilliant analysis and superbly written description of the reapers' inevitability by which 125,000 British soldiers died in a few months of 1917 trying to win some four miles of worthless terrain near Passchendaele.

Walking in liquid mud knee-high, waves of British troops clogged doggedly towards the German trenches only to be decimated by raking machine-gun fire before they had moved a few yards.

As the British walked, some seemed to pause and bow their heads, they sank carefully to their knees; they rolled over without haste and then lay quietly in the soft, almost caressing mud, writes Mr. Wolff. "Others yelled when they were hit, and grabbed frantically at limbs or torso, and rolled

### BAFFLED

Posterity has already gone a long way towards apportioning the blame for these events which — as Mr. Wolff says — will ever haunt Western civilization. On the one hand were the military troglodytes like Haig,

and tumbled. In their fear of drowning beneath the mine they tried to grip the legs of their comrades who struggled to break free."

General Sir Laurence Kiggell, Haig's Chief of Staff, paid his first visit to the battlefield after the fighting was all over. As his staff car lurched through the ghastly swamp-land, Kiggell burst into tears and muttered, "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?" The man beside him replied, "Senselessly: it's worse farther on up."

(London Express Service).

Robertson, Joffre and Nivelle — well-meaning but unimaginative — baffled by a war where the horse was useless, the bullet was supreme, victories were impossible, and a war of attrition was the backbone of every strategic plan.

On the other hand was Lloyd George, contemptuous of the military mind whose advice he had to take, but too impotent to override their more suicidal adventures, without jeopardising his political career.

In the end, he allowed ambition to master his scruples. Step by step, this book leads us along the chain of rationalisations that brought needless death to so many. Was blood-

letting on this scale the only way to win the war?

Without excusing the follies of Haig, it should be remembered that Ludendorff in 1918 did not learn much from the massacre in Flanders in 1917. His final offensive, which lost the war, cost the Germans no fewer than 888,000 men in 13 weeks.

### NOTHING

If there is any meagre consolation to be gleaned out of this horrible inventory of crimson thunder, it is that it left the world no longer in awe of the omni-competence of the military mind.

Ten million men died in a war that "had meant nothing, solved nothing, and proved nothing." Life was still cheap in the Second World War — but not that cheap.

(London Express Service).

### BOOKSHELF BRIEFS

SMALL TOWN D.A. Robert Traver. Faber. 15s. Robert Traver is the pen name of the American judge and former District Attorney who wrote the best-selling documentary novel, *Anatomy of a Murder*.

He uses the same formula in his new book — a collection of documentary short stories or, as he puts it, "my experiences and observations of public and private life during my 14 tumultuous years as D.A."

The stories are gay, dramatic, sentimental. As before, law and sex combine to make easy reading. Once again English readers will raise their eyebrows at

certain processes of the American legal system.

What finally emerges is the extreme undecidability of making the world of public prosecutor a political appointment — especially at election time.

THE TANGERINE. Christine de Rivoyre. Harvill. 15s. This frolichest of French confessions (told in the first person by a young married woman), proceeds with abandon from the first sentence ("Love makes me hungry") to virtually the last ("I'm starving").

(London Express Service).

# Even Havelock was jealous in the end

THE BOOK PAGE

By George Malcolm Thomson

HAVELOCK ELLIS. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Harvill. 30s.

SEX was a Victorian invention. Before that it was called Love and was deemed one of the more amiable of frailties. Then Havelock Ellis arrived.

He was a typical Victorian rebel, brave, high-minded, sincere and deficient in humour. One day in Australia, where he had gone as a youth, the revelation came to him that he should become a doctor.

By this the young man, son of a sea-captain and an all-too-affectionate mother, meant that he should devote himself to liberating mankind from ancient prejudices about sex.

### Dangerous

Havelock had been reading the work of a "shifty prophet" named James Hinton who preached free love and practised what he preached.

It might be thought that Havelock was hardly the man to do Hinton's mantle for he was — to put it moderately — not one of the world's great lovers.

However, owing to his disability, of which Calder-Marshall gives a kindly but explicit account, Ellis proved to be a source of comfort and strength to many.

The more difficult cases he sent on to his friend Edward Carpenter. A dangerous game, inter-  
gated, in peddling porno-

graphy for profit and discovered that he was really Georg von Weissenfeld who had fled from Germany after forging cheques. "Detectives" tracked him to his house in Cambridge where, behind a secret panel, Weissenfeld was disclosed, a revolver in his hand.

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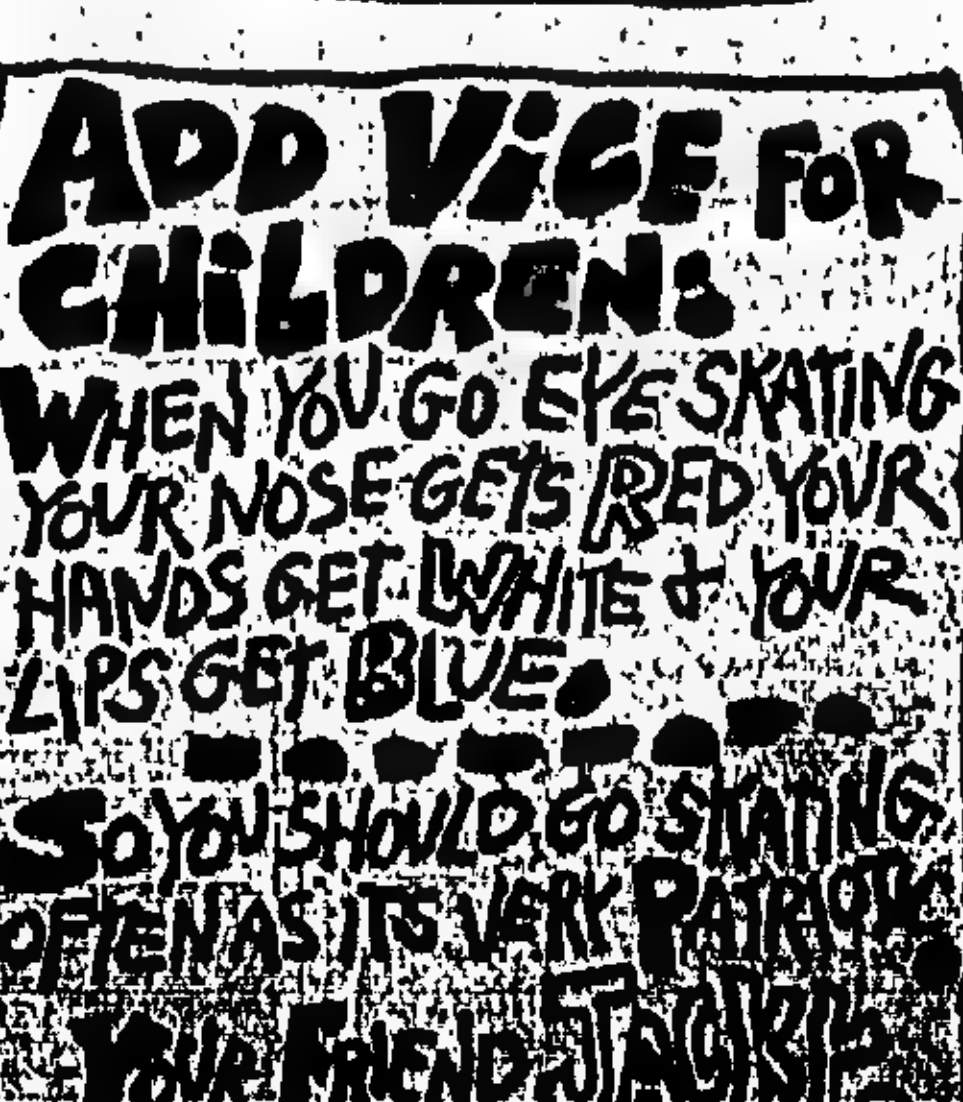
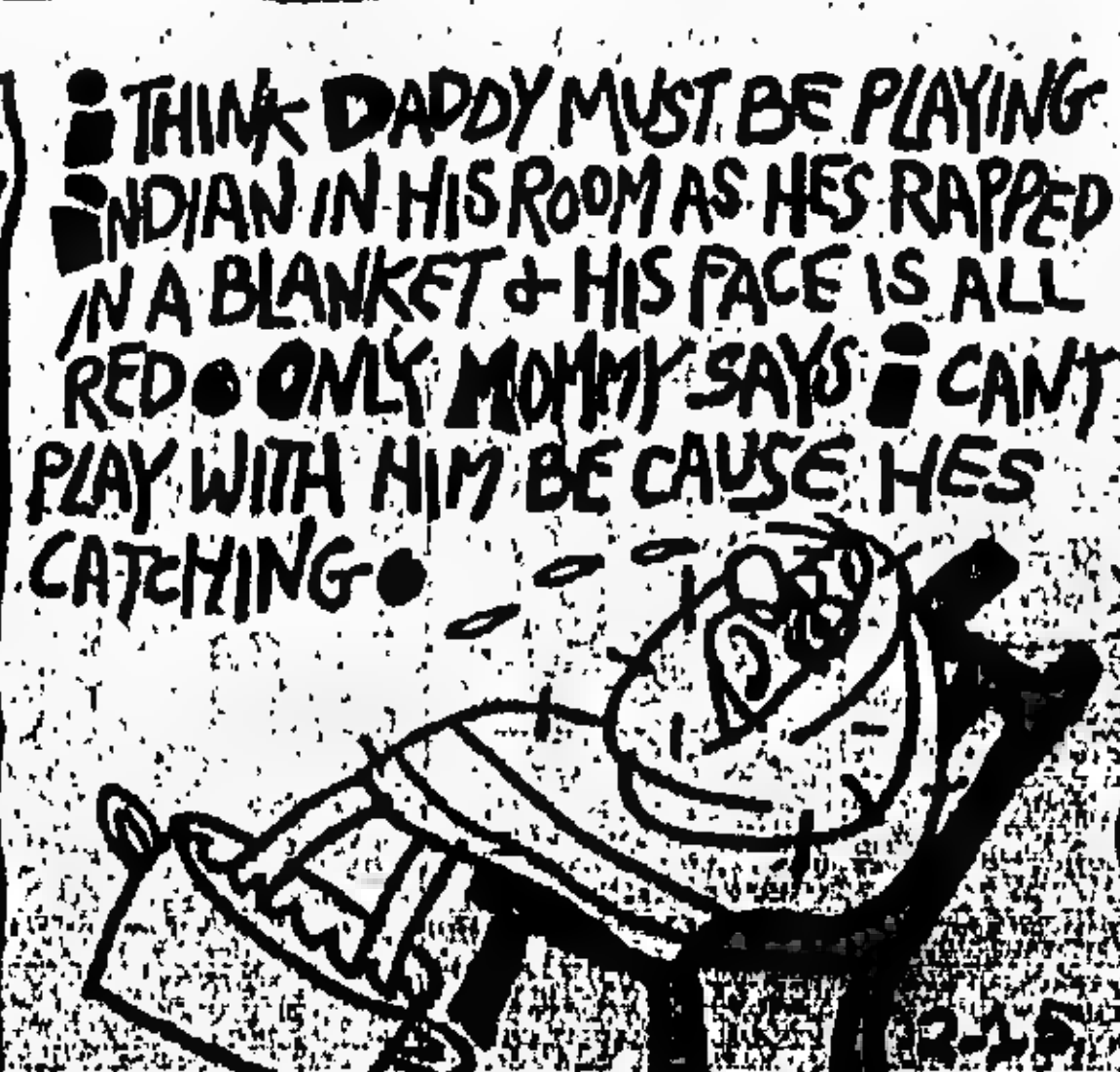
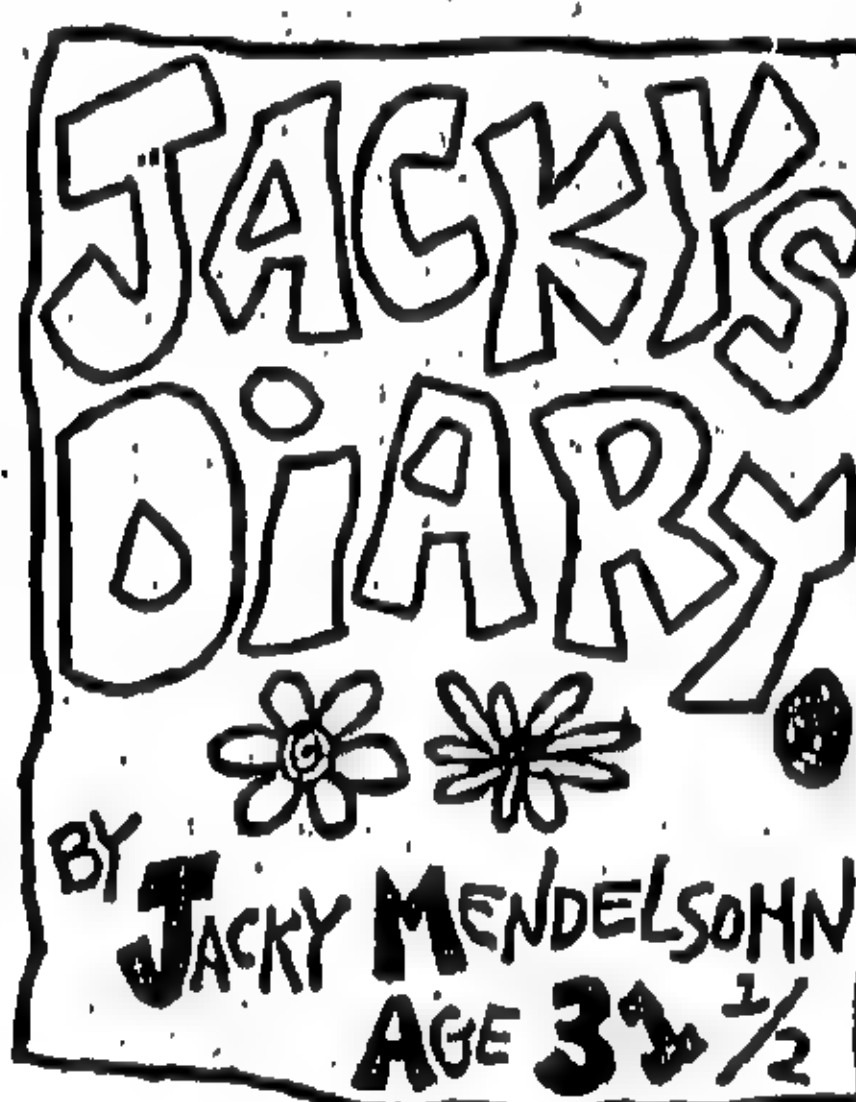
(London Express Service).

### One sip.....

The authorities viewed the whole business with suspicion. The climax arrived in 1908 when George Bedborough was charged with publishing an obscene libel, a book by Ellis.

Bedborough put all the blame on Dr Roland de Villiers of the so-called Watford University Press, a "large, gentle, fleshy man with something of the aspect and the speech of a cat."

Ellis had been dubious about him. The police were not. They believed that he was simply Carpenter. A dangerous game, inter-













# Our England is a garden

ONLY a few years passed before the early English settlers in Hongkong took time to muse upon the possibility of a glorious garden planted upon the wild infertile slope above the City of Victoria.

It was on August 8, 1848 that the local branch of the Royal Asiatic Society held a meeting at which a paper was read by Dr Gutzlaff, the practical Pomeranian Medical Missionary who so closely identified himself with British interests in the East.

Addressing himself to problems and situations as wide and varied as public gardens and parks, he was chosen as the spokesman to address the meeting on "The Advantages of Establishing a Public Garden."

At that point, a Committee was formed to enquire into the questions of a site, the likely costs, and the possibility of giving their ideas concrete form.

The idea certainly caught on. For once all the residents found that the one thing they wanted was a garden. The next step was the obvious one of approaching Government to discuss what aid, practical and otherwise would be forthcoming. Government did not keep them waiting long. The Governor, Sir S. G. Bonham, simply told them that Government had no money for such a plan. This stopped the committee right in their tracks.

It was not until the sixties that the idea came up again. The Surveyor General's Department were laying out Government House Grounds. The idea

must have suggested itself that the area above the gubernatorial domain could be cleared and terraced.

On October 7, 1881, a curator was appointed, apparently on the theory that the less you know about a job, the more successful you will be.

The curator's name was Thomas McDonalson. I have no idea how he got the job, but apparently he did make the difference between a conifer and a bunch of Glasgow Rangers.

★ ★ ★

The official report speaks most unflatteringly of him. So he got the sack, and probably went back to sea for a while.

At any rate, Government set about the job properly. The Gardens were set out entirely at

By

## JOHN LUFF

Government expense, and seeds and plants were ordered from England and Australia.

A few regulations were drawn up necessary to the maintenance of an ordered estate, and in 1884, on August the sixth, the gardens were thrown open to the public.

They were a success from the start. The public immediately showed an interest, and in no time a walk through the gardens became the order of the day.

Then from being a place just to visit and spend an hour or so in the pleasant shade, the Botanic Gardens became a kind of institution. Undoubtedly the great public parks of London, with their social parades, and their military band concerts suggested something on smaller lines in Hongkong.

★ ★ ★

For the public had to wait no later than October of the same year before the military bands began to give concerts in the Botanic Gardens.

To do the real thing London fashion required a bandstand, and it was the Parsee community who subscribed for and presented to the public of Hongkong, a very pleasant bandstand.

In 1870, Government introduced the Public Gardens Ordinance, and in 1871 a very energetic Superintendent was found in a Mr Charles Ford.

So full of initiative was Mr Ford that the Gardens and Afforestation Department was temporarily withdrawn from the supervision of the Surveyor General, and vested in a representative Advisory Committee, in which the public was given a voice.

This greatly stimulated public interest, but there followed one of those battles which became an Homeric epic of a struggle for power, which happens when the Civil Service sharpens its pen, and declares war on the public.

In 1873, a Mr J. M. Price proceeded to the office of General Surveyor. Now incorporated in this office as we have just seen was the supervision of the Botanic Gardens, but the energetic Mr Ford has won his independence.

★ ★ ★

The Surveyor General did not like this, any more than a successful emperor likes seeing a petty king break away on his own. So Mr J. M. Price began to fight for his erstwhile rank, presumably that of No. 1 Fah Wong.

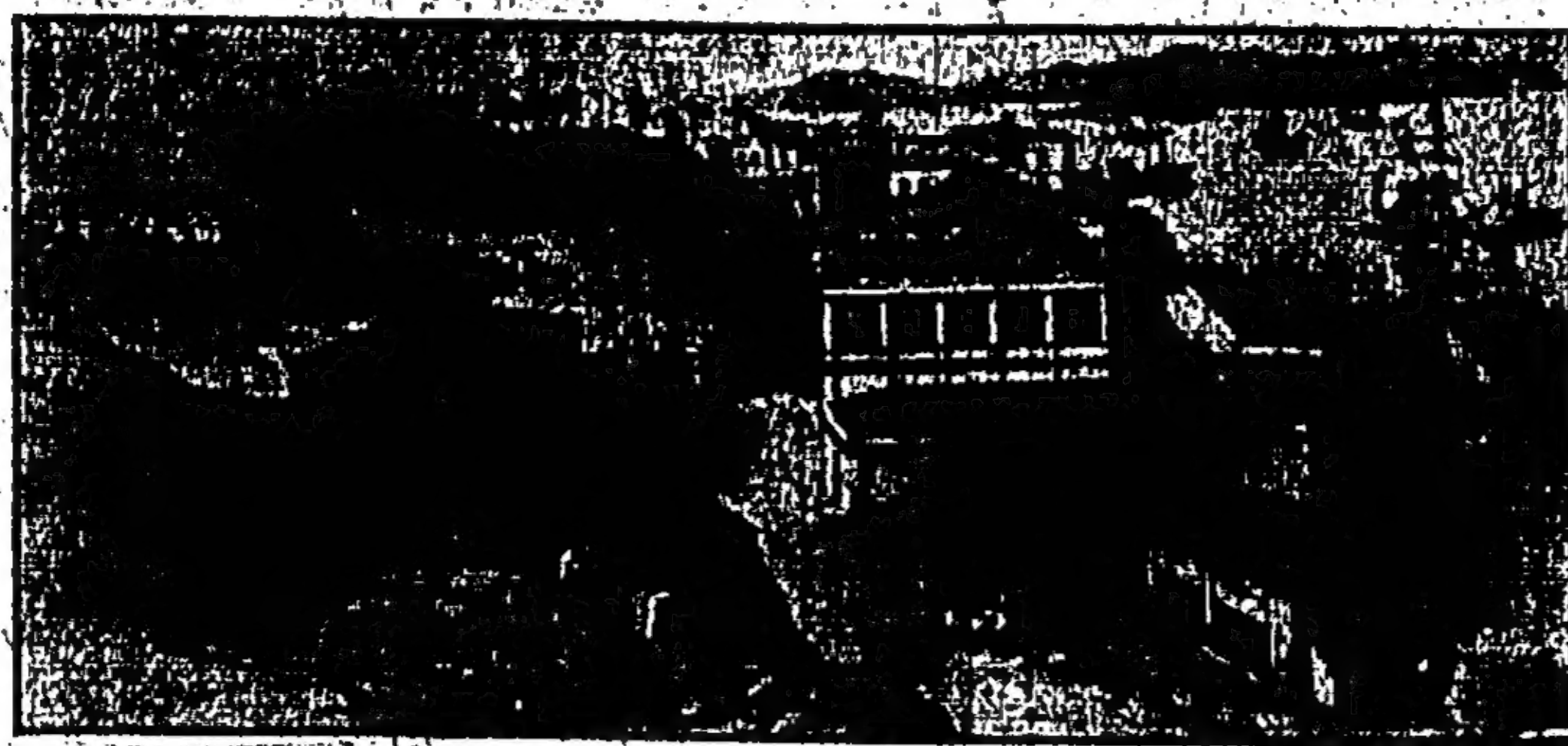
However, Mr Ford did not intend to surrender his crown or his territory easily, and I will now attempt to draw up a plan to show how the battle proceeded.

First, I must make plain that the office carries such presents as the right to control the growth, procedure of, and blooming of all roses and other flora, whether blushing even, or unseen.

Mr Ford, the Superintendent of the Gardens fired the first shot. Probably inspired by Napoleon's campaign of battle, he believed, in firing off his heavy guns brightly.

The first order of battle flows from the pen of no less a person than Sir Richard McDonalson, and is dated January 8, 1873. It entreats Mr J. M. Price to stand down.

It is not clear if any action was taken, but Mr Ford's Department should not be allowed to be drawn into the matter.



Queen's Road and the harbour, looking west from Murray Battery (above Battery Path). This is a reproduction of a drawing by Mr M. Bruce, a former Hongkong architect, and was sketched in 1846.

gether withdrawn from the nominal control of the Surveyor General.

"The interposition of the latter officer as an organ of communication with the Government may have been necessary when the person in charge of the Public Gardens and Planting was a person so uneducated and of generally inferior personal

followers, and the Advisory Committee were still for putting up a fight.

The battle raged so fiercely that London got to hear about it. A report of the whole thing was printed, but as I have hitherto pointed out, the boys conducted their battles with such candid comments on the characters of each other that when Government published a history of the encounter in October 1, 1870, the whole thing looked pretty libellous, one way and another.

At any rate, London perused it for about two years, and the Secretary of State ordered it to be cancelled, February 10, 1881.

However, just before the Gazette was distributed, Mr Ford won back his office and the management of the Botanic Gardens and the Government Forestry Plantations was again placed under a Superintendent, tongue, and I suppose in the passage which reciprocates such C.S. jargon as referring to a superintendent as an "organ of communication." You will notice too that Sir Richard has no opinion of Mr McDonalson, the first Superintendent.

(Note: The name is spelled McDonalson in the records, and Sir Richard follows that spelling. The name was McDonalson, and this gentleman who aspired to be Number One Klug of the Flowers, died in Hongkong in November 1870.)

However, when the said Mr J. M. Price took up the office of Surveyor General, he was not intimidated by any records, or references from Mr Major's representative. He waited his time, learning what every good general must learn, i.e. the disposition of the enemy forces, and then he attacked.

First of all, he proved that old military axiom that to divide a force is to weaken a force, and showed with some logic that the separate departments created by giving Mr Ford control of the Botanic Gardens led to "angry misunderstandings and confusion."

Mr Ford swung right into the attack, and public sentiment was with him. Mr Ford pointed out that Mr J. M. Price had acted in a most high and mighty manner.

What happened was this. The Survey Office, predecessors of the P.W.D. had built a road, somewhere, and having surveyed their work and found it good, considered it would be giving the City (to mix a metaphor) if they planted a few bamboos along this said road.

Now you can find all sorts of bamboos in all parts of places in Hongkong, but what Mr Price did but give orders to a gang of coolies to go up to the Botanic Gardens, and swipe a few from Mr Ford.

This the coolies did, and that was the end of the understanding—a masterpiece of understatement.

Hongkong prepared for battle, deciding according to status under which king it would die. The Governor, as happens to all Governors on occasion was pretty fed up to think that by delegating authority to this man instead of that, he had brought a swarm of hornets around his head.

The battle swung to and fro, those at the back crying forward, but the bigger department gained a temporary victory. No doubt the Governor's genius for compromise winning the day.

At any rate, in December 1873, the management of the Gardens went back to the Surveyor General when the Public Gardens and Afforestation Office was made a sub-department of the Surveyor General's department. The Advisory Committee became the Public Gardens Committee.

In a way, the battle was a classic with Mr Ford the bold skilful, and Mr Price the Fabian. And it was, as usual, Fabian tactics that paid off, for in February 1877, the Public Gardens Committee was ordered to stand down, and Mr Price was the victor of all he surveyed.

However, Mr Ford was not licked yet. Rather, he was

set, to some extent, the moods occasioned by moonlight and music.

Government tersely remarking, "the limited and not particularly select audiences who attend in the Gardens," occasioned the move.

Flower shows were held in the Gardens. They originated with the Advisory Committee. Also annual al fresco fetes were held on two successive nights. The fetes were in aid of the Alice Memorial Hospital, and we are told that about 6,000 people attended each night.

These ran from 1880 to 1888 when the Superintendent complained so much about having his flower beds trodden down, that from 1888 they were held elsewhere.

★ ★ ★

It only remains to mention that at one time, there was a probability of Happy Valley becoming the site of a Public Garden. In fact, the Hongkong Telegraph of May 1, 1883 mentions it in commenting upon the development of Happy Valley.

"We submit to the Government that the race course at Wongachong could, at a comparatively trifling outlay, be converted into one of the finest recreation grounds in the Far East."

"It requires merely to be developed in some parts and a few necessary provisions made for its necessary drainage."

"At present, Wongachong Valley is a nasty swampy rampant with malarious fever. In the morning, dense mists rise from its boggy soil. By a little care and at very slight expense it could be converted into a noble park and recreation ground where cricket, lawn tennis, and other sports and amusements could be carried on under the most favourable auspices."

On March 10, 1888, the same paper makes reference to the inaugurating ceremony at which Sir George Bowen cut the first sod. I take it the reporter is referring to the earth.

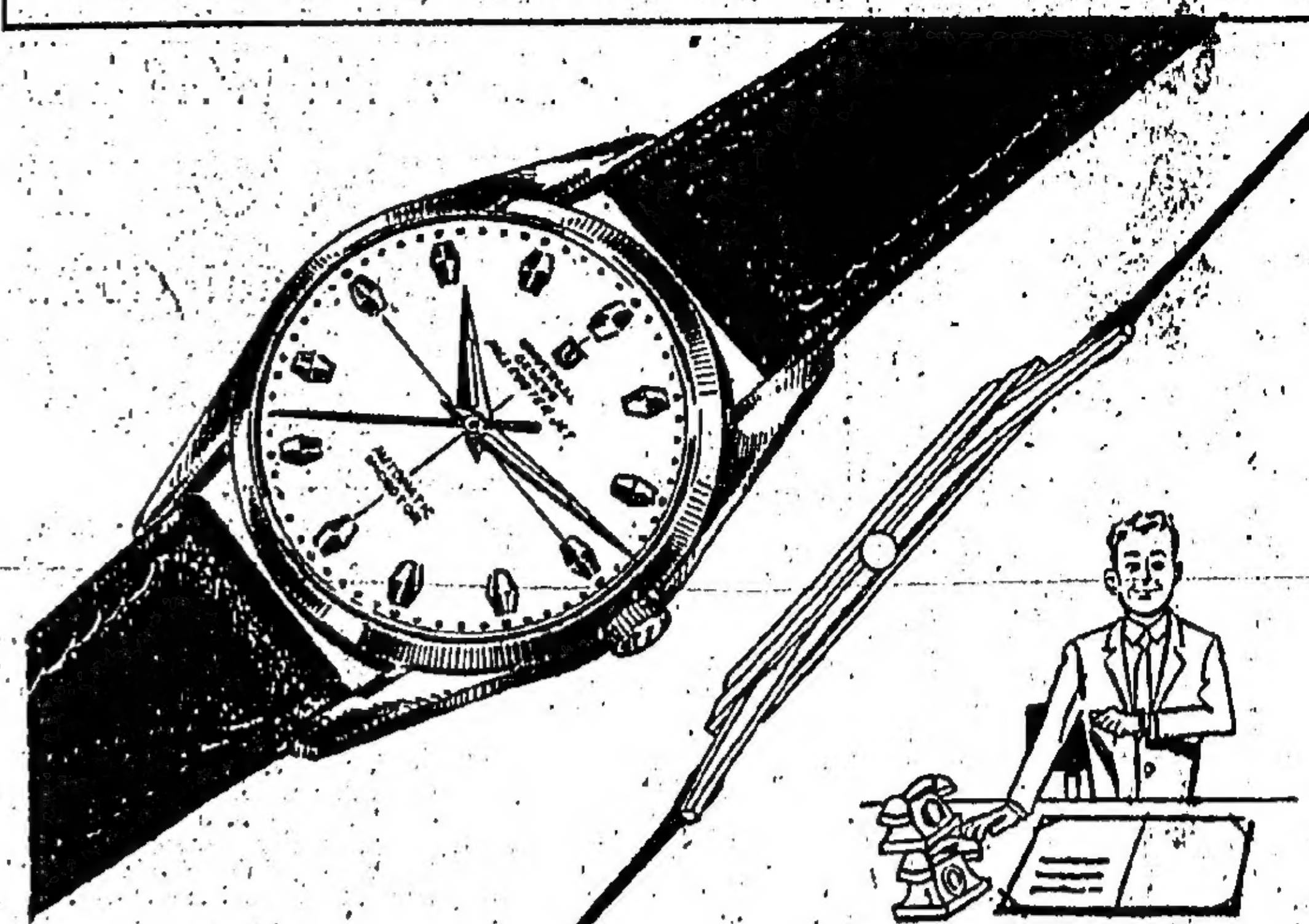
Government intended calling this place, Bow Park, but the public for some reason or other objected. At any rate, the name fell into disuse.

With the passing of the years, the park-like aspects of the district has disappeared altogether. Even a comparatively few years ago, it was fairly rural, but now it is almost as dwelling locked as the White City.

Up to October 20, 1882, among the many attractions of the Botanic Gardens were the moonlight performances by regimental bands, the Buffs in particular being mentioned.

Unfortunately, what with the moonlight and the music, many of the audience became too romantically-minded, so the moonlight performances were shifted to the Cricket Ground. No doubt, the more commercial and prosaic Queen's Road, off

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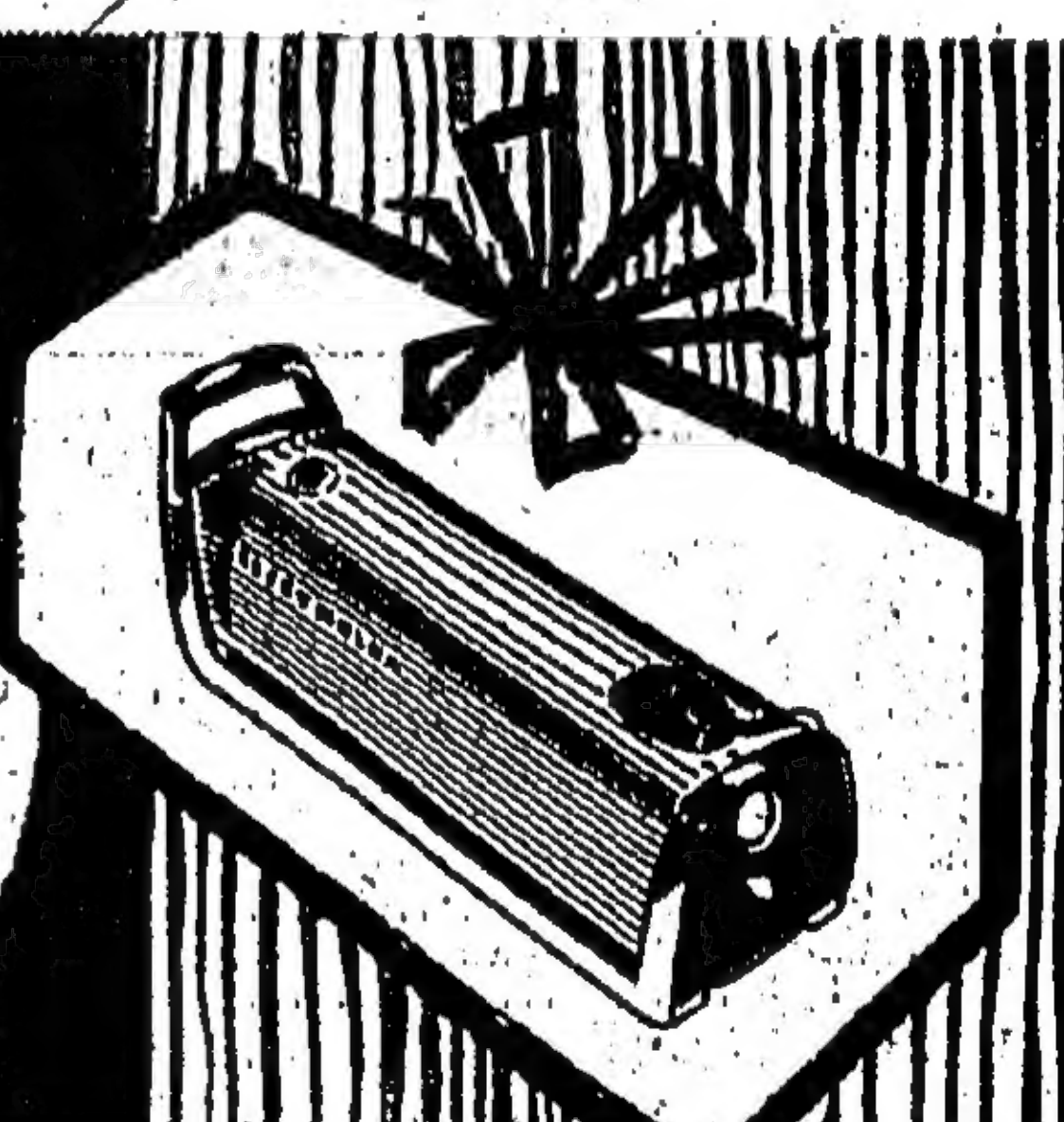
Authorized Dealers:  
Artland Watch Co., 28 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Budson Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.  
Fung Leung Kee, 157 Johnston Road, Wanchai.  
Lam Yuen Fung Watch Co., 176 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Rouse D'Oy Watch Co., 55 Queen's Road, C.  
Somas Freres, 5 Pedder Street.  
Sui Wah Watch Co., 77 Queen's Road, C.  
Tai Seng Watch Co., 184 Des Voeux Road, C.  
James Cox, Champagne Court, Kimberley Road.  
Kung Brothers & Co. Ltd., Miramar Arcade, Nathan Rd.  
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## JACOBY on BRIDGE

JACK Kennedy of Shreveport, writes: "Here is a hand that might interest you. I was pretty well pleased with the contract when I saw the dummy. West had overcalled and ought to have the king of diamonds but he was one of those people who like to bid so there was no guarantee. Anyway, I decided to set up a possible squeeze—so truffed a spade and played the ace of trumps and a low trump to dummy's ten."

NORTH				10
♠	A 3 2			
♥	10			
♦	Q 8 5			
♣	K 8 7 4			
WEST				EAST
♠	K Q J 10 6			♠ 8 5 5
♥	8 7			♥ 9 4 3
♦	8 3			♦ K J 10 4 2
♣	J 10 8 2			♣ 8 5
SOUTH (D)				
♠	7			
♥	A K Q J 5 2			
♦	A 8 7			
♣	A Q 5			
North and South vulnerable				
South	West	North	East	
♥	1	A	N.T.	Pass
♠	3	A	Pass	4
♦	4	A	Pass	5
♣	6	A	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠K				

"When both opponents followed I could afford to ruff and then spade and still have trump control. Another trump lead pulled East's last trump and West discarded the queen of spades. I let a diamond go from dummy and led a diamond toward the queen. East won with the king and shot the jack back. I took my ace and led my last trump."

"West went into a trance and finally produced a low club. Dummy's last spade had squeezed him out of his club stopper. That spot had done its work. I threw it away and all the clubs were good."

Very fine technique and worthy of study. An interesting feature of the play is that if East had had four clubs and the king-jack-ten of diamonds the last trump would have squeezed him since South held the diamond nine.

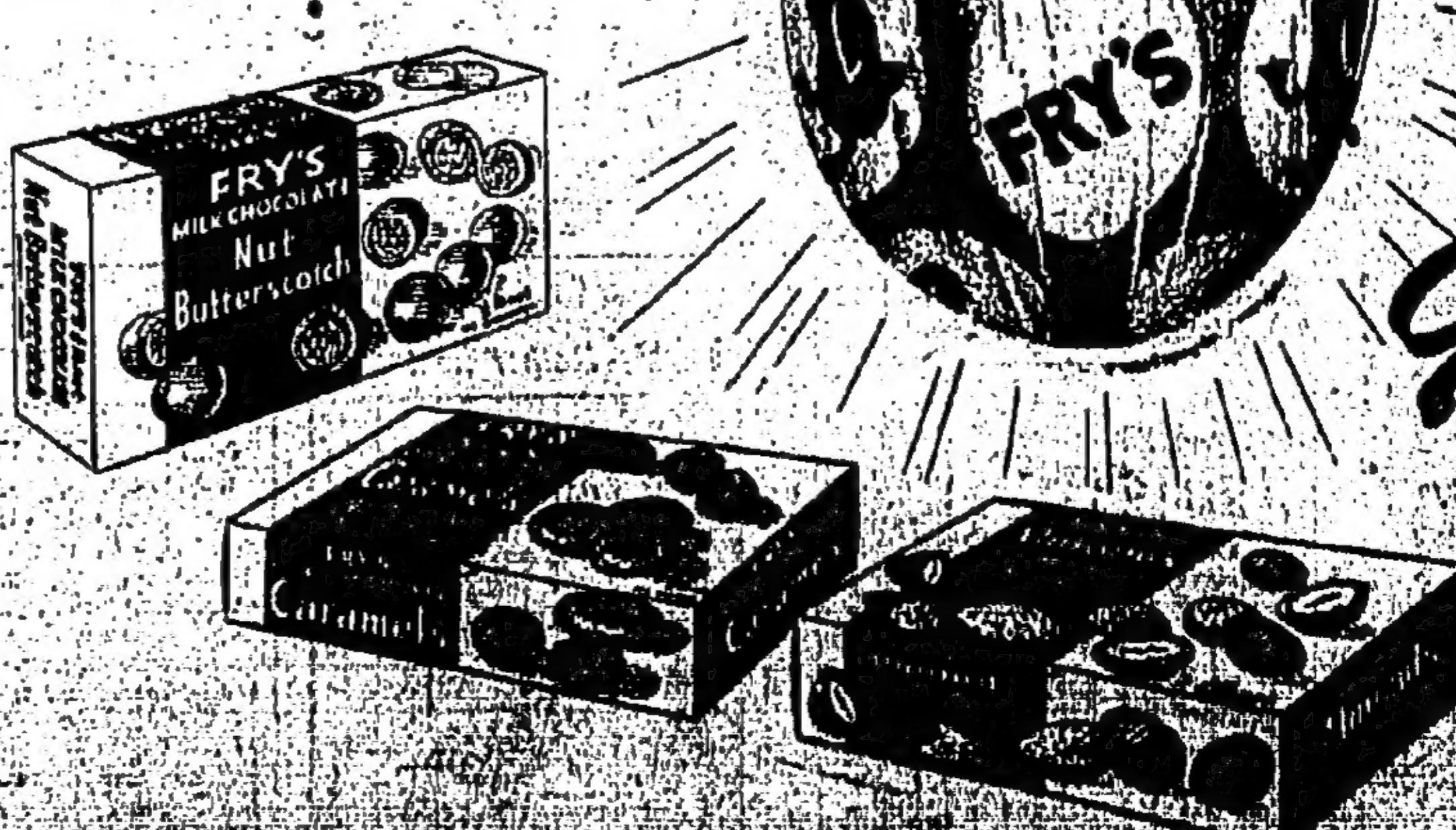
## ♥♦CARD Sense♦♠

Q—The bidding has been:  
North East South West  
1♠ Pass 2♥ Pass  
3♠ Pass 4♥ Pass  
5♠ Pass

You, South, hold:  
♠K J 8 5 4 3 2 ♠A 3 3  
What do you do?  
A—The fact that your partner has by-passed four no-trump indicates clearly that he has a void suit. You see, if clubs and king of diamonds were equally likely, he would have bid 4♥ or 5♥ or 6♥ or 7♥ or 8♥ or 9♥ or 10♥ or 11♥ or 12♥ and let him decide about the grand slam.

TODAY'S QUESTION  
Aren't your partner has opened one diamond. This time you hold:  
♠K J 8 5 4 3 2 ♠A 3 3  
What do you do?  
Answer by Monday

## FRY'S



Easter  
Greetings

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## NOTICE

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Public Enclosure at Happy Valley is being loaned to the Hong Kong Kennel Club for a Dog Show on Sunday 22nd March, 1959. These premises will be closed to Members at 10.00 a.m. on Sunday. The Badminton Courts will be closed all Friday 20th, Saturday 21st and Sunday 22nd March.

During the Show, the Private Boxes, Dining Room, Bar and Ladies' Lounge will be open and reserved for the use of the Members of the Jockey Club.

The charges for admission are \$4.50 for adults and \$1.20 for Service personnel in uniform and children under 16. Entrance to the Show will be by the Public Entrance only.

Members of the Jockey Club, who wish to make use of the Club rooms, must wear their Member's Badge, otherwise they will not be admitted thereto.

By Order,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

Hongkong, 19th Mar., 1959.

## THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

## 10TH (EASTER) RACE MEETING

Saturday 28th and Monday 30th March, 1959.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 24 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the First Race run at 12.00 Noon on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on both days.

## MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an admission badge which must be prominently displayed throughout the meeting will be admitted.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and 382 Nathan Road only on the written introduction of a Member.

ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Ticketing will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

## PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be available in the RESTAURANT.

## CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$48.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during office hours.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the last race on 30th March, 1959 and Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959 at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Club's Cash Sweep Office at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street, Hong Kong on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 21st March . . . 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday 28th March and Monday 30th March . . . 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 21st March . . . 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

By Order of the Stewards,  
A. E. ARNOLD,  
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 21st March, 1959.

## BETTER BUY BRAEMAR!



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## Calcutta Cup Rugby Preview

## CAN SCOTLAND BREAK THE TWICKENHAM HOODOO TODAY?

By JOHN COTTRELL

Nine years ago, Scotland gained a two-point victory over England at Murrayfield. They have not won the Calcutta Cup again since then, and their post-war record against England is the most dismal in the International Championship.

But last season Scotland came nearest to humbling the champions, and this year they have conquered Wales, the first country to defeat England since 1953.

So Scottish supporters will travel to Twickenham today with high hopes of their countrymen winning there for the first time in 21 years. I believe they will be disappointed.

## Effective Defence

It is now more than a year since England last scored a try. But, if their attack is uninspired, their defensive work is highly effective.

Jim Hetherington is a tower of strength at full-back and the covering of the three-quarters is excellent. Moreover, the pack's great work against France suggests that they will be able to hold the fiery Scottish forwards.

The England three-quarters were too slow against the French, but Scotland are unlikely to be able to exploit this particular weakness. Their centres in the last two games have been both slow in attack and uncertain in defence.

The England side is unchanged for the Calcutta Cup, and it seems that once again they will complete their International Championship programme with a shorter list of players than any other country.

## Popular Saying

There is a popular saying that it is much more difficult to get out of the England XV than into it. That certainly seems fair comment today.

Of the three-quarters, only wing wizard Peter Jackson has played up to his reputation this season. Left winger Peter Thompson has lost speed and skipper Jeff Butterfield, at 26, finds he must now travel almost to the touch-line to try his outside break.

The other centre, Malcolm Phillips, has great potential, but is not completely fit. A groin injury has taken the edge off his speed and, I suspect, robbed him of some of his confidence.

In the closing minutes of the match against France, Phillips made a tremendous break and had only to beat the full-back to win the match. But suddenly he checked his pace and crossed a kick, though there was no one within forty yards to gather the ball.

## Negative Policy

Many supporters would like to see Dr Lewis Carroll (110 caps) brought back to the centre, and there is a strong case for the return of International sprinter John Young on the wing.

But the six selectors stick firmly to their negative policy of playing a combination which shines chiefly in defence. And this policy has been extended to the pack.

England's forwards were much improved against France, but the two wing forwards, John Herbert and Jeff Clements, still function mainly in defensive roles. What is needed

is a combination of attacking back row men and midfield men.

The man England desperately needs is Peter Robbins. When he played for England, tries were scored because of his ability to pick up the loose ball and launch attacking moves with the three-quarters.

## Defence Complex

Robins has shown outstanding form recently, so his failure to move the selectors into action is beyond understanding.

Hetherington has won high praise this season—and deserved all of it. But I believe that he is also suffering from the prevailing defence complex.

Against France, he had ample opportunity to emulate the attacking work of his opposite number. Instead, he persistently kicked to touch, whether under pressure or not, and never linked up with his three-quarters.

The most pleasing aspect of the England XV this season has been the extremely sound half-back partnership of Steve Smith and Bev Risman. Smith has a fantastically long service and young Risman, improving with each game, has the makings of a truly great fly-half.

## Key Man

Scotland, too, have found an admirable combination here with plant Steve Coughtrie and Gordon Waddell. They also have an outstanding attacking full-back in Ken Scotland.

Waddell was off-form in the last international, when Scotland's Triple Crown hopes were dashed by Ireland. On form, he can be his country's key man at Twickenham, using his clever tactical kicking to the advantage of the fast and mobile Scottish pack.

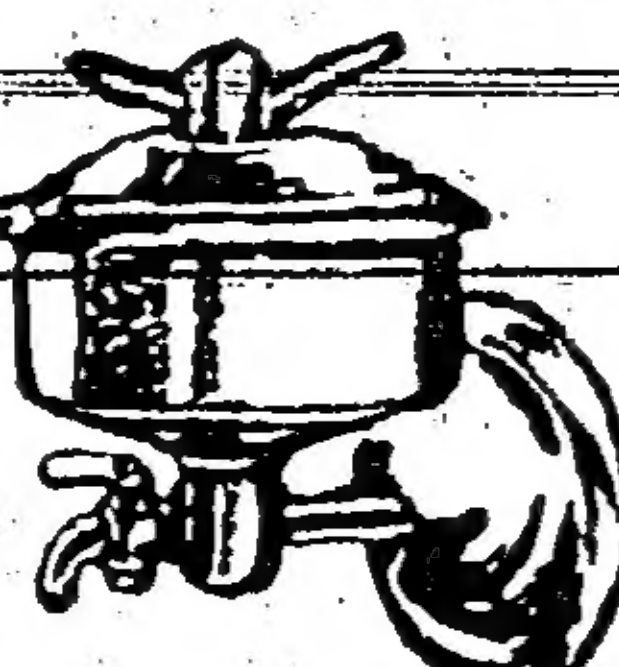
On firm going, England's aim must be to make maximum use of their three-quarters, and Peter Jackson in particular. For, who knows, with the uncertain Scottish defence, they may even score a try.

## SPORTS QUIZ

- Which country took first and third places in the Olympic marathon at Berlin in 1936?
- Which country won the Olympic soccer tournament in 1924 and 1928 and the World Soccer Cup in 1930 and 1950?
- Can runs be scored off a cricket ball lawfully struck twice?
- Who has become the first tennis player to hold simultaneously the junior singles titles of the United States, Australia, France and Wimbledon?
- Who was the only senior tennis player to hold the four major men's singles titles simultaneously?
- With which country and which sport do you associate the Ranby Shield competition?
- Which of these world heavyweight champions relinquished their titles—Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Ezzard Charles, James J. Braddock?
- What is the end opposite the pavilion at Lord's called?
- When was the last occasion that a non-League soccer club won the FA Cup?
- The quickest ever knock-out in a championship fight was 15 seconds. True or false?

(Answers on Page 10)

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## Tug-Of-War Champions



One of the most exciting events at the First REME (Hongkong) athletic meeting held at the Army sports ground, Boundary Street, last Wednesday was the Tug-of-War final, which was won by the LAD Royal Artillery.

Photo shows the champions pulling through to their win. — China Mail Photo.

## Henry Longhurst On Golf CORPORE SANO

The muscular Frank Stranahan in his many forays in search of golf championships always brought his weights with him.

I often used to wonder how much they cost him in excess baggage at £1 a pound, but upon my soul I never thought I should live to see the day when my old friend and travelling companion Joe Carr, appeared as a weightlifter!

No sooner do we get over this shock than we have Michael Lunt pictured in all sorts of gymnastical postures, training with Aston Villa. All this, I am sure, is eminently worthy and certainly in a good cause, namely the Walker Cup match in May.

From time to time we get individuals in this country, who indulge in the most exhausting measures to beat them for what is in outward appearance a plump and pedestrian game. A hardy winter annual is the picture of Dal Rees training with the Arsenal—closely followed by that of the Arsenal training with Dal Rees.

## Repelling Thought

Some years ago, I seem to remember a Ryder Cup team or was it Walker Cup?—being paraded in the early morning on the sands at Southport. The very thought, I must confess, repelled me. For I remember, being turned out of bed at some hideous hour at my preparatory school and being made to do P.T. winter and summer for seven years.

Nor did my opinion alter when, in the early stages of the war, I found myself compelled to run up and down the North shore sands at Blackpool, attired in a little vest and knickerbockers, carrying a ridiculous great bamboo pole. The army P.T. instructor, with his singed jersey and his incessant "Up, up, up, up, up!" and "Come along, ought to be there by now!" became a species which, with all due respect to Mrs. Faulkner, who I am sure conveyed to his pupils the same zest and exuberance which characterizes his golf, I could well forget.

## Individual Matter

Training for golf is to my mind an individual matter. No one, I dare say, trained harder than Henry Cotton—or keeps himself fitter at 80-plus. The building up of his left hand was, of course, a specialist business, and caught the imagination of many golfers, to their great benefit, but behind the scenes he was always practising, and often devising, exercises by which to counteract a tendency to round-shoulderedness engendered by nature.

His principal tip today is to sit a bar across the top of a doorway in your house and hang from it once or twice whenever you pass through. I believe this is immensely effective and intend to try it, when I can find a strong enough bar.

He has always maintained that golf is "only as good as his hands" but that the first thing to "go" is his legs. Six rounds on a 7,000yd championship course, including a good deal of walking while spectators get themselves sorted out, involves no mean physical effort.

## Importance Of Toes

This was also the view taken by the then amateur champion, Reid Jack, before the last Walker Cup match, when he spent the winter, accompanied by two worthy pace-makers, playing 27 holes at a time instead of 18.

I've also been interested to see Cotton writing recently of the importance of the toes in golf—a disturbing thought which had not hitherto entered my mind and which now gives me a further 10 things to think about in addition to the 101 which clutter it up already. I like to envisage that distinguished ex-officer Gerald Micklen, parading his Walker Cup men on the sands at North Berwick each morning. "On the backs, down!" for their toe wiggling exercises.

Be that as it may, the coming Walker Cup match will make unusual demands on the British team. The four-year build-up, the thought that through a variety of circumstances into which we need not enter now, this may conceivably be the last of the series and that for the first time since the war we shall have a team capable of winning on its merits.

## The Mental Strain

All these will add a special sense of urgency to the occasion. For every man will have occurred the thought, "It may be me who on Saturday evening is coming up to the last hole in a crowd of 10,000 and 'has only' etc. etc. to earn immortal glory—or the reverse."

Those who have not played it—even to the extent of once having needed a five to win the monthly medal and a sweep of 12s. 6d. and taken eight—can never, I suspect, appreciate the intensity of the mental strain involved in the slow, inexorable final stages of a golf tournament. This in itself leads to physical exhaustion. We can all remember the feeling on finishing an examination, when in fact one has been sitting absolutely still for three hours.

So in the humble but protracted game of golf the old "mens sana in corpore sano" principle applies with surprising force, to a greater degree even than in rougher but faster games.

## Whitfield Wanderers Play Bacchanalians In Closing Game Of Rugby Season

By PAK LO

With only the Army Seven-a-Side tournament remaining on the fixture card the Hongkong rugby season is practically finished, although the Whitfield Wanderers will be seen in action for the last time this afternoon.

Fittingly it is the Wanderers who finish the season for all the teams who have taken part they have the best record, with only one defeat to date.

This afternoon at 3.00 p.m. on the Club ground they take on the Bacchanalians, who show many changes from the seven that took the field against the Green Howards last week. This is mainly due to the fact most of the Bacchanalians are taking part in other sports today. In fact, today's Bacchanalians are mainly from the Club so that the Whitfield Wanderers are assured of a hard game.

## Hard To Top

The Bacchanalians' three line with Watson and A. N. Other in the centre should prove very hard to top, for A. N. Other is an old hand at this game and is only under this disguise in order to stop his wife taking too keen an interest in his movements until it is too late.

The Bacchanalians' wings are built noted for their speed and with Valentine in front of them they should do extremely well. The Wanderers' pack is opposed by a much heavier pack, but despite this they should have a fair share of the ball from the scrums and the lineouts, and their backs, while not an outstanding three line,

## RUSSIANS AT WIMBLEDON

By DEREK JOHN

Two years ago I forecast that the Russians would enter the Wimbledon Championships for the first time in 1959. Now this is almost a certainty.

The Russian joined the International Lawn Tennis Federation in 1956 and then worked to a three-year "development" programme—building a new tennis stadium in Moscow and inviting top-class coaches to the Soviet Union.

Now they believe they are ready to make their first appearance in a major international championship. They plan to send four players to Wimbledon this year—two seniors for the Championships, two youngsters for the junior tournament.

## THEIR CHANCES

After Wimbledon, they intend to invite players from the West to take part in an International Tournament in Moscow in August.

Who are the Russians' chances at Wimbledon? I reckon their candidate for the men's singles would be fortunate to get through the first round.

But, given a favourable draw, they could have a player in the last 16 of the ladies' singles—Anna Dmitrieva, daughter of a Moscow ballet dancer.

Anna is an extremely useful player, as she proved last year when she reached the final of Junior Wimbledon. But it may be several years before she develops into a star performer in senior tennis.

## Sports Diary

## TODAY

1st Division: KCC v Navy Dockyard, Optima v Police, CCC v Army, "World" v "Star" v "Scorpions", RAF v Recruits.

2nd Division: Police v Centaurs, Army "North" v "East", Recruits v RAF.

Soccer: Senior Shield Semi-final: Tung Wah v KPMG (11K Stadium) 3.45 p.m. Junior: "World" v "Star" (11K Stadium) 1.45 p.m.

Badminton: Colony Open Badminton Championships: Men's Singles, Doubles, Mixed, Ladies' Singles final, CCC, 7.30 p.m.

Hockey: Ladies' Greening Cup: Victoria v Greening (11K Stadium) 7.30 p.m. "A" v KCC (11K) 8 p.m.

## POP—Rather neat



Whatever your sport you can't beat





# SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

## Are We As Sports-Minded As We Like To Pretend?

Is Hongkong really as sports-minded as many folks would lead us to believe, or are the fans who pack the stadia for a few selected sports events blinding us to the true facts? A big football fixture . . . a big table tennis match . . . and even a big basketball game will bring out the fans in their thousands but, these three apart, it seems that little else can be termed a really consistent crowd puller.

Week in and week out excellent games of cricket, rugby and hockey are played before a mere handful of spectators.

Even the Colony tennis championships pass without a murmur from all but an inner circle of enthusiasts and it is well known that organisations like the Badminton Association, the Fencing Association and the Athletic Association have failed to win the support of the public although all of them have staged big and important events which had worthy entitlement to the 'big-time' label.

### A Great Masquerade

There is a comparatively small but vociferous following for football but enterprising bodies like the Boxing and Swimming Associations have had to fight every inch of the way for even a humble ration of public support.

When one uses the term 'sports-minded' as glibly as it is so frequently used in Hongkong one would expect to find that the sports-mindedness reached

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

deeper than the turnstiles at a big football match, further than the packed stands at Happy Valley on race days and wider than the perimeter of the basketball court or the edge of the table tennis table.

The truth of the matter is that we are living in a great masquerade. How can it be otherwise when the wealth of a few sports so completely distorts the true picture. If ever anyone wanted proof of this statement then they could have found it at the Hongkong Stadium last Sunday.

The Amateur Sports Federation Olympic Committee did a wonderful job in the planning and staging of their Second Annual Outdoor Festival of Sport. The programme was

idea without first giving it due consideration.

Whatever they do can only help. When one remembers the tremendous sporting activity which goes on in the Colony schools, it may well be there that the major remedial lies for after all mums and dads dearly love to see their offsprings contributing something to a big show.

I'm sure many of you must have squirmed as I have often done at the spectacle of some famous personality being hounded by his or her 'fans'.

One can recall the Johnny Ray era when he regularly lost his shirt at the stage door.

Souvenir hunters are strange folk and I remember one character appearing on a television programme with nearly 200 souvenirs he had 'collected' over a period. It was a most fantastic collection containing a lock of so-and-so's hair, someone's shirt, a button from someone's coat, and a millinery of junk which without its alleged 'souvenir' tag wouldn't have raised a buck in Thieves' Alley.

I was rather vividly reminded of all this by a letter I received during the week because it seems that somewhere in the community there is a souvenir hunter with a number of very special football shirts in his collection.

### Shirts Missing

The letter tells me that when Blackpool's kit eventually arrived in the United Kingdom from Hongkong there was a subtle deficiency in the consignment. All the No. 7 shirts which had been worn by Stanley Matthews were missing!

Ah, well, some folks struggle hard for fame, some have it thrust upon them, while others rather obviously just pick it up as they pass.

Incidentally there are no hard feelings at Blackpool over the loss of all part of the Matthews legend and a tribute in his way to the greatest footballer of his time.

It's a great thing, the magic of Matthews. It even justifies the actions of those who take things that do not belong to them.

Bad news this week of Hugh (Ginger) Higgins who captained the Army side in the 1955 Senior Shield Final.

Higgins, of the fiery thatch and temper to match, played

## 15-GUINEA HORSE IS GRAND NATIONAL HOPE OF VILLAGE



A 10-year-old bay gelding which cost only 15 guineas carries the Grand National hopes of the tiny village of Mensgate in Cumberland.

He is Sundawn 111, owned by Mr Len Skelton, 21-year-old son of a farmer, who is seen here taking the horse over a jump erected on the neighbouring farm of Mr Tom Hudson.

The horse is trained by Mr Hudson, who combines the jobs of running a mixed dairy farm and training a small string of racehorses.

He is to be ridden in the Grand National today at Aintree by Mr Hudson's 25-year-old son John. Sundawn 111 won five point to point races and two amateur 'chases' before winning his first big event, the Christmas Dinner Chase on the Mildmay course at Aintree, Liverpool, in December. He will be carrying 10 stones.—Reuterphoto.

many brilliant games for the Army and for the Colony and when he returned to Scotland he was immediately signed by Hibernian.

For a time he hit the headlines but he ran into a spell of rough going and was transferred first to Third Lanark and later to Dunfermline.

Last Saturday, playing for the latter club in the Scottish Cup against St Johnstone, he was badly injured five minutes after the start and now he looks like being out of the game for a long time.

The Easter week-end is going to provide some excellent interport competition.

For the football fans there will be the annual game against Maeano. By selecting a side that is not fully representative of Hongkong's potential the Interport Committee of the HKFA has given the game a real boost for there is little doubt that, as things are at present, our neighbours in the Portuguese Colony cannot match the full strength which we could muster. It will be interesting to see if it is 'good games' or 'big names' the fans want.

### Picturequest Event

The Easter holidays will also see the Interport Regatta between the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club and the Manila Yacht Club being staged.

This picturequest and colourful event will take place on March 27, 28, and 29 and from a look at the programme it is obvious that the Royal Hong-

kong Yacht Club has done a wonderful job of planning for the occasion.

Yachting is both a spectacular and graceful sport. If you would like to take a fair range look at this interport racing you can do so from the Junk Bay area where the various classes will be contested next Saturday and Sunday.

By tomorrow evening we should know which teams will contest the 1959 Senior Shield Final. This afternoon Tung Wah and K.M.B. will have another go at settling their issue, the teams recently 'struggled' to a 4-all draw after extra time in a match which made anything but a good impression on those who follow the game. In fact it left a nasty taste in some mouths and one can only hope that this latest meeting is a much more clear-cut affair.

As Good as Through

If form is a guide K.M.B. should win and if only on the basis that upsets and accidents don't happen in Hongkong football they are surely as good as through to the final.

Tomorrow's game between South China and Police is however a horse of a very different colour. If the favourites want to get through to the final they will have to play all they know because the Police will not willingly give away an inch.

Indications are that South China should win but there is so much good in the sometimes erratic and often unpredictable Police side that Ho Cheung-yau and his mates will not be able to take anything for granted.

This should be an excellent encounter and if Roy Moss's

boys can snatch a quick goal they might give South China plenty to think about.

The betting boys seem assured it will be a K.M.B.-South China final; how I would love to see them proved wrong . . . it would do the game in Hongkong the world of good.

## EDUCATIONAL EQUIPMENT

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## Seeing The Light

A new device has been invented in Rumania to solve that old problem of detecting road walkers who "run."

It consists of a small pocket battery and a little electric light bulb which are connected to the soles of both shoes.

The bulb, fastened to front of the walker's vest, lights up as soon as he breaks contact with the ground.

It's a pity that it is such a cumbersome piece of equipment. Otherwise, it would have limitless possibilities.

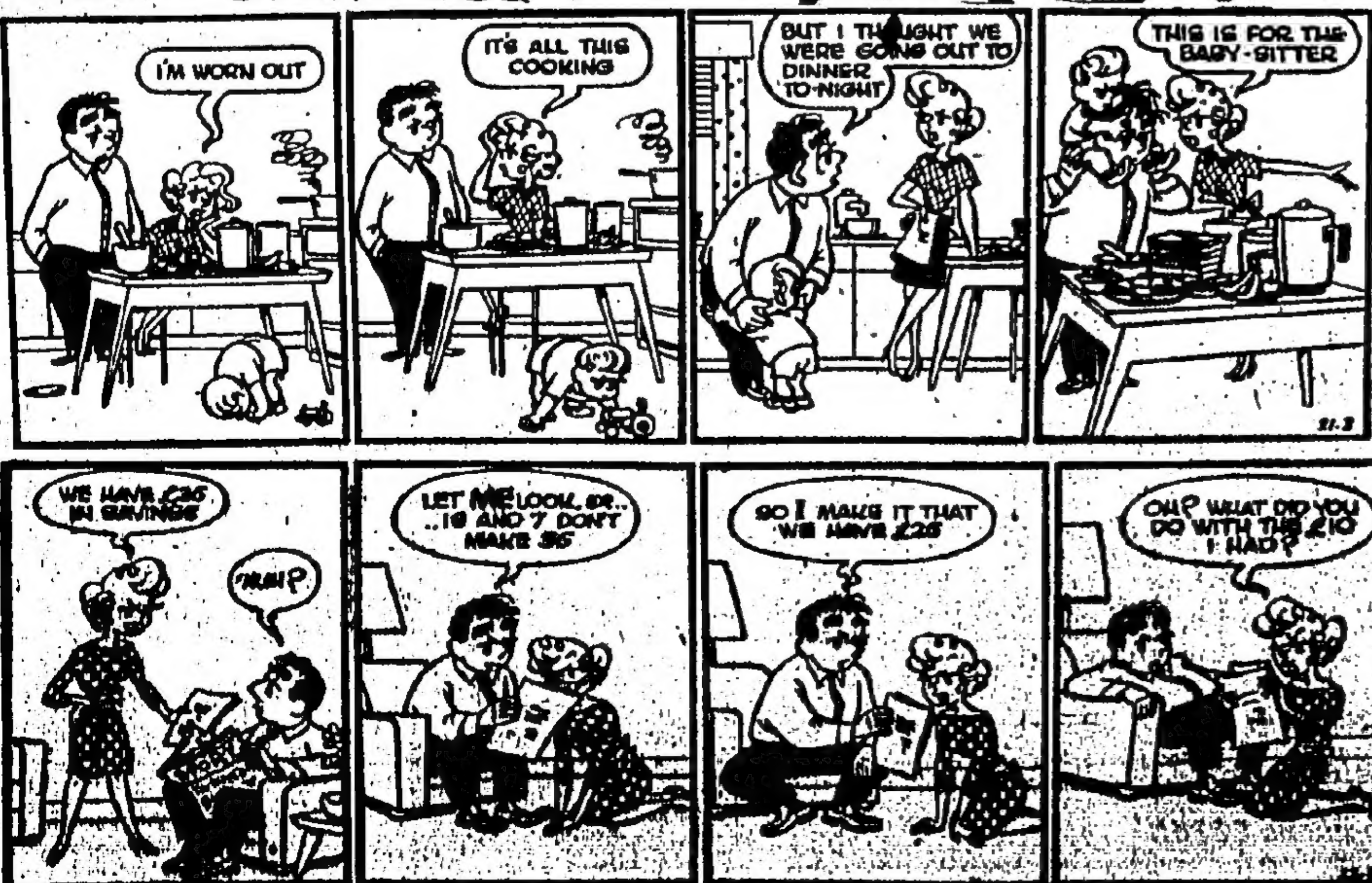
Bowlers could otherwise carry a bulb which lit up every time they bent their arm.

Then cricket umpires might at last see the light—and "no-ball" these so-called bowlers who throw the ball. — (London Express Service).

## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Japan.
2. Uruguay.
3. Yes. But only from a resulting over-throw.
4. Earl. Buchholz (United States).
5. Donald Budge (United States).
6. New Zealand. Rugby football.
7. Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano.
8. Nursery.
9. 1901. Tottenham Hotspur.
10. True. In 1952, Agustín Argento retained his Spanish lightweight title by knocking out Javier Liria in 15 seconds.

## THE GAMBOLS . . . By Barry Appleby



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